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KING OF THE MILITARY MOUNTAIN
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The Chicago 7
A SANDWICH WITH THE CONSPIRACY
THOMAS W. PEW, Jr.

BERLE ON POWER / C. B. Macpherson
SHAW ON THE DOCTORS / George A. Silver

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LETTERS

why separate?

Jamaica, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: George R. La Noue's article, "End of Separation? Church, State and the Courts" [*The Nation*, Dec. 15] is rather closely related to the content of the main articles in the special issue "Between Glory and Disaster" of Dec. 29.

Mr. La Noue asks, "Why not preserve the separation of church and state?" One wonders if the opposite question might not be more immediately relevant: Why not recognize that, with the exception of the United States, no large modern state attempts a complete separation, and even in the United States, historically, the separation has been rather formal? Even the officially atheistic Soviet Union has a special Bureau for Relations with Sectarian Institutions. Why not recognize the fact that the church-state clause is, at least in part, a product of 18th-century *political conflicts* which will not be revived? . . .

It is hardly possible to argue that federal and state governments have done so superb a job with ". . . education, medical or housing programs . . ." as to foreclose discussion of possible alternative types of control and administration . . . . The concern with separation is not only implicitly (sometimes explicitly) anti-religious; it is also anti-moral. What seems to bother many of the advocates of strict separation is not any speculative danger of imposition of theological requirements for public office but simply the fact that religious organizations and individuals do not actively support the Washington-Madison Avenue-Detroit view of what's good for the country. . . .

Henry Black

judgment

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: If the offices of *The Nation* had been machine-gunned at 4 A.M. by a State's attorney's posse and two of your editors killed, would you call for an investigation which would include "any offenses of which the *Nation* staff have been guilty"? Yet this is what you propose for the Black Panthers in "Marked for Extinction" [editorial, Dec. 22]. Let us bring to judgment the perpetrators of these atrocities, not their victims. Else, tomorrow, we shall all be victims.

Ruth Dear

Indians on the Rock

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I spent Christmas Day with the Native Americans on Alcatraz. A friend (who has a motorboat) and I went over with a cargo of propane gas. The Indians are in need of butane and propane gas for their cooking in that grim place.

As of today, I have begun a Butane Gas Fund for the Indians of Alcatraz. . . . A butane gas cylinder costs about $10, and one of these lasts for approximately two days. (The Indians are feeding close to 200 people there three times a day.) Propane gas costs about $2 a container. These serve for the smaller stoves that are in use in the large draughty kitchen.

I ask readers of *The Nation* to send checks for any amount they can afford made out to me at San Francisco State College, Creative Writing Department, 1600 Holloway Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94132. Receipts will be promptly sent to all donors, as these contributions are tax deductible, inasmuch as the Indian Center is sponsoring the legal occupation of Alcatraz . . . .

Kay Boyle

EDITORIALS

Nixon's Loyal Opposition

President Nixon has skillfully redefined the issue of Vietnam. It is no longer a question, he would have us believe, of getting out, but of how fast withdrawals should proceed. But the success of the maneuver has largely depended on the consistent cooperation of the loyal opposition, which has given him a degree of support it did not accord his Democratic predecessor. Since the President *seems* to be proceeding in the direction they have urged, they are reluctant to be put in the position of quarreling over the size and timing of withdrawals, the more so since few Democrats are prepared to urge immediate withdrawal and a cease-fire.

But there is an organizational as well as a tactical problem. The Democrats are divided and leaderless. When the President addressed the nation on television, the Democrats could not agree on what should be said in reply or who should speak. An opposition without leadership may annoy; it can hardly oppose. In the House, the aged Speaker slumbers on. In the Senate, Fulbright is boxed in, McCarthy is off to Russia, and Kennedy is in deep personal trouble. Senator Harris, who heads the Democratic National Committee, would challenge the Republicans on the issue of "crime," while Senator Muskie, another ranking party leader, would hammer at "pollution." But everyone, including the President, is against crime and pollution. Hubert Humphrey, the titular head of the party, has run out of ideas—by his own admission. Only Senator McGovern and a few other legislators continue to talk sharply about Vietnam.

And there is yet a third reason why the Democrats have failed to subject the Administration to the heavy fire it deserves. Not only are they leaderless, idealess and divided but there is no pressure on them to perform as an opposition party. Nixon must worry about Wallace but, for the moment, he does not need to worry about the Democrats because there is no demand from the Left which might force them to challenge him. The peace movement is divided over tactics and strategy, and elsewhere the "Left," for all practical purposes, does not exist.

A party that is leaderless and divided needs an overriding issue to unite and direct its energies. National priorities could become such an issue if the Democrats would seize it. Unless related to foreign policy and arms spending, "peace" is not a major issue in a Congressional election. Unless related to a reordering of national priorities "Saving the Environment" is a slogan, not an issue. On "inflation" the President has a ready answer: the Democrats are responsible. Neither the neglect of the cities nor cutbacks on desperately needed social programs can be converted into a winning political issue without reassessing priorities. Ending the war in

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Vietnam is a major issue *because* it is the precondition to a reordering of national goals.

Under the banner of redirecting American power and reordering national priorities it is possible to unite all the elements that, for a wealth of different reasons, oppose the Administration. But no single aspect of what ails the nation is broad enough to support a winning coalition in the coming elections unless it is packaged with other issues in a coherent form. If defense spending continues at high levels, the military will continue to exert a decisive influence on foreign policy; program determines policy. But if heavy cuts are to be made in defense spending, alternative job-generating activities must be programmed. And so it goes.

There is a suggestion of realism—but only that—in the announcement by a group including McGovern, Kennedy, McCarthy and even some Humphrey workers that it is forming Referendum '70, which will support "the most liberal progressive candidates," regardless of party. It seems that a rather nebulous entity called CAN (Congress Action Now) has been given $500,000 to finance the referendum, most of it contributed by Arthur Saltzman, a New York manufacturer and heavy contributor to Humphrey's 1968 campaign.

But that is a drop in the bucket. Worse still, the announcement reads as though it had been addressed by intellectuals to intellectuals. It shows no awareness of the need to enlist the support of the interest groups which Referendum '70 must have if it is to exert much influence. Not only will this year's election shape the issues for the 1972 Presidential election, it will also have serious implications at the state level. For 1970 marks a decennial census period and will give state legislatures a chance to redesign Congressional districts. In brief, the need for a well-organized opposition party, united by a coherent program, was never greater; but no such opposition exist. What do exist are massive discontent and uneasiness in large sectors of the electorate and a major unifying issue waiting to be invoked.

Outrage and Opportunity

The 50 per cent hike in subway and bus fares in New York City—from 20c to 30c—is an outrage which surpasses the routine abuses to which the inhabitants of great cities are subjected. The pay-and-benefits package which the transit workers received is not excessive, what with inflation and the fact that their jobs are among the most important, and the most disagreeable, in the city. What is intolerable is the scornful disregard by the high bureaucrats of the interest of the people, mostly poor people.

The often cited excuse that in some other cities transit fares are as high as 30c, or higher, is irrelevant. New York City has no counterpart in the degree of dependence of its inhabitants on commuter lines and subways. It is unique both in

IN THIS ISSUE

January 19, 1970

EDITORIALS

34

ARTICLES

38 The Chicago 7:
A Sandwich with the Conspiracy
Thomas W. Pew, Jr.

40 L. Mendel Rivers:
King of the Military Mountain
Robert G. Sherrill

47 This Winter in Jerusalem
Herbert Krosney

51 Wounded GIs:
On the Care of Heroes
Larry Barrett

BOOKS & THE ARTS

54 Berle: Power — *C. B. Macpherson*

56 Genovese: The World the Slaveholders Made — *Truman Nelson*

58 Poems — *David Ignatow*

59 Boxill: Shaw and the Doctors — *George A. Silver, M.D.*

60 Films — *Robert Hatch*

60 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

61 Records — *David Hamilton*

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the volume of traffic and in its geography. Manhattan is an island, a trap, which people must enter to earn a living and from which most of them want only to escape when work is done. Speed in getting from here to there is not a luxury, as in supersonic air travel, but a desperate necessity. There is no substitute for the subway as the basic means of transportation, and while during the rush hours it is hideously uncomfortable it is capable of carrying enormous numbers of people safely and at high speed. Its faults are not so much technical as in its administration by an absentee bureaucracy, located in Albany and headed by the Governor and his transit procurator, Dr. William Ronan.

Even at 20c, the subway fare is a tax on the poor, a term which increasingly includes all of us except the truly wealthy who, if they work, do so voluntarily. For others transit fares are largely a business expense—but one nondeductible on income tax returns. This tax weighs most heavily on the working poor, and the less they earn the more outrageous is the tax.

A strong argument can be made for free public transportation. Except for its exploitative value, there is no more reason for charging people for getting around the city than there is for imposing fares on vertical transportation in skyscrapers. The subways could be run more economically, and somewhat faster, if there were no turnstiles, no tokens and no station agents.

But there is an opportunity hidden in the affront that has been committed by Albany and the Transit Authority. Mayor Lindsay has appointed former U.S. Attorney Robert Morgenthau as deputy mayor in charge of intergovernmental relations. This is a political coup—a good appointment on its merits, and perhaps symbolic of things to come. It may indicate that the Mayor is looking more closely at the confusion in the Democratic Party's ranks, and at his own political future.

If so, he must be considering the need for a candidate for governor who will not be impressed by Mr. Rockefeller's millions and who will note his growing vulnerability. In recent years Mr. Rockefeller has grown increasingly conservative—witness his stand on the Vietnamese War—and on the transit issue he has left himself wide open to political reprisals. It is not only New York City that has every right to feel aggrieved: to some extent all the other large cities, with the possible exception of Albany, suffer at the hands of rural Republican legislators and a Republican governor. The situation is favorable for a candidate like Lindsay who, as a Democrat, could appeal to a wide range of enlightened voters and who, with impeccable WASP origins, has an almost unanimous constituency among black voters.

The office of governor of New York is a first-class power base. Lindsay in the Senate would not mean much, hardly more than he meant in the House of Representatives. But a Democratic Lindsay in Albany would have a chance to go on and defeat Nixon. If he were to challenge and defeat Rockefeller, he would be formidable indeed.

Is it a dream? Before the transit fare rise it might have been. That offense against decency has brought it into the realm of serious politics.

Groundwork

If one despairs of the future of American democracy, as many young people and some older ones do, the in-house struggle that went on in 1969 between the Senate and the Nixon Administration, and to some extent within the Administration itself, is of no account. But Murray Marder of *The Washington Post* is quite right when he says that although young militants may scorn these parliamentary maneuvers, historians are likely to take them more seriously. The movement to reassert the coadjutant role of the Senate in foreign relations may peter out in the seventies, but it is equally possible that it will mark the end, for an indefinite period, of the almost unchallenged leadership of the executive branch which began when President Truman declared a national emergency in 1950 over the Korean conflict.

The year just past has witnessed a significant progression which would have seemed scarcely possible at the end of 1968, and which could not have occurred without the national revulsion against the Vietnamese War. A large part of the power the Pentagon gained during the cold war, and which it shared with the executive branch, has been lost in Vietnam. The longer the war lasts, the more dirty linen may be washed in public—to the further disadvantage, one may hope, of the military-executive alliance.

The process of legislative reassertion began with the passage, early in the year, of the so-called "commitments resolution" in the Senate. By a substantial vote, the Senate expressed the view that the President could not make a "national commitment" to another nation without specific Congressional approval.

Late in the session, by a vote of 73 to 17, the so-called Laos-Thailand rider, attached to a still top-heavy military appropriations bill, enjoined the President from sending ground combat troops into these countries. The Administration insisted that it was in full agreement, but its compliance came late. It was rolling with the punch.

The Laos-Thailand rider was largely the result of excellent investigation conducted by Sen. Stuart Symington. When it is necessary to cut the toenails of a powerful combine like the military-industrial complex, no one is better qualified for the job than a former Secretary of the Air Force. On four occasions, the old gimmick of invoking secrecy to protect national security failed to work. The Senate shifted to closed-door sessions, rarely used previously, and all the Senators were informed of

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the facts necessary for a meaningful debate. The public also got a good deal of information.

In December, Sen. Charles Mathias (R., Md.) proposed a wholesale repeal of not only the Tonkin Gulf resolution of 1964, which President Johnson used for his boundless escalation of the war in Vietnam, but all resolutions "that have been interpreted as relinquishing broad authority to intervene militarily around the world." That would take in the Taiwan Strait resolution of 1955, the 1957 Lebanon-intervention resolution, and the 1962 resolution on Cuba. Finally, it would end the state of national emergency vis-à-vis Korea.

All this constitutes an attempt on the part of the Congress to recapture at least a segment of its authority. It is an effort in which doves and hawks joined, the latter animated in some cases by a belated return to statesmanship, in others by incipient revolts against the continuing Vietnamese struggle among their constituents. Whatever the motive, the trend could not have been initiated without the participation of more or less hawkish legislators nor, without their support, can it be sustained. Marder quotes Rep. George H. Mahon (D., Tex.), chairman of the House Appropriations Committee and no dove: "There was a time that any member of Congress would hesitate to vote against anything proposed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff because he might be subject to the charge of being soft on communism." Mahon continued: "That day is over; *but it could return.*" (Emphasis added.)

The passage of the Mathias resolution would provide some insurance that it will not return, at any rate in the near future. It would be unwise to rely on the cooperation of the White House. The Nixon Administration does not even seem to know what the "Nixon Doctrine" (oddly so termed by the President himself—did Mr. Monroe speak of the "Monroe Doctrine"?) actually means. The anonymous official who told correspondents in Manila during Vice President Agnew's visit there that, Congress or no Congress, secret understandings were indispensable to U.S. policy in Asia, obviously had an idea of the "Nixon Doctrine" differing from the interpretation Mr. Nixon would like the American people to put on it. The Congress must speak and act for itself.

Belling the Cat

Still another promising Congressional rebellion is taking place in the House. A group of Representatives assert in a memo on "Congress and Pentagon" that "Congress must 'bell the cat,' meaning the Defense establishment. . . . Congress must reassert its constitutional right of oversight upon the military before it is too late." These legislators have mapped out the terrain, so to speak, that must be recaptured if Congress is to be more than a pool of errand boys to do the bidding of the generals and admirals.

What these Congressmen propose is set forth in three measures:

(*1*) H.R.14323, S. 3024 would create a Temporary National Security Commission which between now and December 31, 1972 would comb the defense operation in all respects, and national security operations as well. The membership would comprise five members from each chamber, and six eminent citizens. It would include no more than a single member of any one of the Senate or House standing committees (to prevent it from being dominated by the present armed services committees).

(2) H.R.14318, S. 3023 would create an Office of Defense Review, responsible to Congress and instructed to provide the members with ongoing knowledge on defense and national security matters, so that they would not be blindfolded, so to speak, by executive monopoly of intelligence and military data. As it is, House critics of military spending are reduced to scrounging around for information in these areas. This new agency would prepare a Congressional defense budget independent of the one offered by the executive. Such a document could offer instructive comparisons.

(*3*) Most important of all, a Joint Committee on National Priorities would be created by H.949, S. 160. It would have no power other than to report its findings of fact and recommendations. There would be fourteen members, seven from the House, seven from the Senate, not more than one from any standing committee. The sponsors have taken pains to fend off accusations that they favor a "planned economy."

The Representatives involved in these moves are George E. Brown, Jr. (Calif.), Phillip Burton (Calif.), John Conyers, Jr. (Mich.), Bob Eckhardt (Tex.), Don Edwards (Calif.), Donald M. Fraser (Minn.), Robert W. Kastenmeier (Wis.), Abner J. Mikva (Ill.), Benamin S. Rosenthal (N.Y.) and William F. Ryan (N.Y.). Their initiative makes it doubly important that enlightened voters re-elect these men in November.

Another sign of the times is that Sen. John Stennis (Miss.) is revamping the staff of his Senate Armed Services Committee, replacing former military men with civilian budget experts. Also, the Subcommittee on Economy in Government, chaired by Sen. William Proxmire (Wis.), has called for new reductions in the military budget of $10 billion, and has castigated the military for inefficiency and unconscionable cost overruns.

The package backed in the House by the aforementioned Representatives is sponsored in the Senate by Sen. Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin. In the search for Democratic dark horses, Senator Nelson should not be overlooked. He is consistently right on the issues. He has courage and perseverance. He is a man of conscience and integrity. He comes from a Midwest state. He presents a Presidential image. The Democrats could look further and fare worse.

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A Sandwich With the Conspiracy

THOMAS W. PEW, Jr.
Mr. Pew is editor and publisher of the Troy Daily News, *Troy, Ohio.*

The remote-control latch unlocked the door with a rasping electric buzz and from three flights up sounds of poetry came down the stairwell on a mellow voice:

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
About the lilting house and happy as the grass was green,
The night above the dingle starry,
Time let me hail and climb
Golden in the heydays of his eyes,
And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns
And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves
Trail with daisies and barley
Down the rivers of the windfall light.

The verse, "Fern Hill," belonged to Dylan Thomas; the voice to attorney William Kunstler; the apartment to "everybody and nobody" (the occupants later said), volunteer workers for the defense of the "Chicago 7."

I was there, 5117 South University, Chicago, Ill., in answer to a phone call that morning from the wife of one of the defendants, Ann Froines: "Can you come right away . . . like today . . . or first thing in the morning? We want you to go on tomorrow morning or the next day"; and in answer to an earlier summons:

"To Thomas W. Pew, Jr., Troy, Ohio, *Greetings: We Command You,* that all business and excuses being laid aside, you and each of you attend before Honorable Julius J. Hoffman, Judge of the United States District Court for the Northwestern District of Illinois in Room 2301, United States Court House, Chicago, Illinois in the Eastern Division of said district to testify and give evidence on behalf of the Defendants in a case pending and undetermined in said court, wherein the United States of America is plaintiff and David T. Dellinger, et al Defendant. . . ."

Sitting cross-legged in the middle of the apartment's spacious common room Kunstler carried on with his recitation of "Fern Hill." The room, padded with wall-to-wall carpet, was lit by two bright, bare bulbs. Filling a bay window, a large rectangular table formed by a finished table top placed across two low filing cabinets spilled stacks of legal briefs, notes and photographs into the room.

Hanging in the bay window and potted on the floor were seven healthy green plants. A stereo played behind Kunstler's voice and, almost inaudibly, a helper, Donna Gripe, thumbed an overstuffed address book and made continuous phone calls at the end of a long cord that stretched out to a position beside the reciting Kunstler. The apartment gives an impression of comfortable, affluent disorder that emulates the real disorder of poverty while it mildly mimics it. It is both auxiliary home and office for the defendants, their attorneys, assorted friends, and a gathering point for new witnesses.

"Hi, I'm Bill Kunstler, what brings you here?" The "Fern Hill" recitation was over and the stage quality voice that had first met me downstairs was introducing itself as belonging to the chief counsel for the defense.

"I'm Tom Pew, a newspaper editor from Ohio, I was at the intersection of Balboa and Michigan when the police charged the demonstrators."

"Oh, that's right. You might be interested. That's the prosecution's case; we're just beginning ours." He swept his long arm toward two brown boxes filled with about sixty fat envelopes. "Have you eaten supper yet?"

Soon we were crowding into a new Volvo with Leonard Weinglass, another lawyer for the defense, and Michael Kennedy, a civil rights attorney from San Francisco. At the delicatessen Kunstler and Weinglass speculated on the number of contempt charges the judge had tallied up against them: "I'd guess I have about five, four or five," mused Kunstler. "The judge doesn't even bother to make it clear any more when I'm in contempt. I think he just puts a little check mark beside my name."

"It's about the same for me—four or five," responded Weinglass.

"Yes, you picked up three right with the opening statements."

They talked of the tension that has built up on the defense during the course of the long trial (it began in the middle of September) and Weinglass speculated that: "Someone's going to blow up before this thing is over—I mean every day, all day, how can we avoid it . . .?"

They talked of the courtroom antics that have made something of a tragicomedy of the trial, with Kunstler remembering when Abbie Hoffman unfolded that American flag on the defense table. "The marshals didn't like it one bit but they didn't know exactly what to do about it. And then he unfolded a Vietcong flag over the American flag and the marshals rushed in and grabbed the flags, but Abbie had hold of the other side and the marshals and Abbie had a big tug of war over possession of the flags."

The lawyers broke in on one another to build up the details of Judge Hoffman's courtroom: "And what about yesterday when they threw Stu Ball out of the court (Stuart S. Ball, Jr., an attorney for the defense, son of a former president of Montgomery Ward and a graduate of Princeton).

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"It started when the judge was getting ready to rule on the admission of evidence: 'I will, without prejudice . . .' he said. Someone laughed and before you knew it the judge was blaming Stu: 'Remove that lawyer from the defense table, he was laughing at me. Get him out of this courtroom immediately and keep him out.' The old guy was really hot.

"Then, remember, first Abbie jumped up and said, 'He wasn't laughing,' and then Rennie [Davis]: 'It wasn't him laughing. It was me. I'm the one who thinks you're so funny.'

"The marshals were really moving around then, but there was too much action. David [Dellinger] jumped in with: 'Your honor! Your eyesight's just not good. You can't see well enough to know who's laughing.'

"And then the judge: 'Mr. Dellinger, I remember that previously in this courtroom you have also called me a liar.'

"Then David again: 'That's a different matter. What I said was that you're very prejudiced and unfair. That's what I tell everybody, too, when I go around the country making speeches. I tell them that you are either the assistant prosecutor in the trial or perhaps even the chief prosecutor.'

" 'That's why this is a Fascist court and that's why we're laughing. I said you were a liar that time only if you said I was talking out loud in court because I wasn't.'

"That was too much for the spectators. 'Right on' rang out from their section and the marshals moved in, grabbing them and tossing them out of the courtroom until about a dozen of the spectators were removed. At that David capped it with: 'Why don't you call out the National Guard?' "

Weinglass took up the story at this point: "And what about the time during the cross-examination, Hoffman remarked that 'This is not a political case. As far as I'm concerned, it's a criminal case.'

"And then Bill Kunstler said that Jesus was also accused of a crime and we understand that was not a political case either.

"The judge said he was not alive at the time.

"And then Bill: 'I assumed your honor had read of the incident.' "

Hearing the defense attorneys discuss these things over soup and rye bread in the steamy atmosphere of a Chicago deli, it all sounds like some great game: a battle of wits for fun. For moments in such a discussion one can almost forget that the stakes in the game are prison sentences for seven men, and the possible success of a law that the defense and many other Americans think unconstitutional. Not all the discussion was as lighthearted.

Weinglass complained that the prosecution asked three "hypothetical, theoretical questions of one witness, and that was O.K. with the judge, but when I ask one direct question I'm overruled—now what's that?" He also noted, to the agreement of Kunstler, that the marshals were hostile to the defense (one of the marshals wears a miniature pair of handcuffs as a tie clasp).

Kunstler described how the defendants used to have a conference every morning to discuss what they would do that day: "They looked like some kind of board of directors, sitting there around a big table in their high-backed leather chairs discussing strategy.

"We used to discuss the contempt thing then," he added, "and we told them that the judge wouldn't accumulate the contempt charges against them. That was before Bobby Seale was sent away with the contempt charges accumulated against him. Now they don't ask about contempt any more.

"But there is something that comes up between an attorney and his clients when the client knows that the lawyer is going to go to jail too when the trial is over . . . and when this trial is over the judge is going to call us before the bench and state that there's some unfinished business, and that's when we'll learn how many contempt charges are chalked up against us. He'll start quoting from the record what we said in court during the trial. We've already got someone going through the record to find out those places."

After the discussion at the delicatessen we stopped by Jerry Rubin's apartment and Kunstler started up the stairs, calling ahead: "States' attorneys, everyone stay right where you are. Don't move."

Rubin answered the door, smiling. He and some friends were watching for news of the trial on a new color television set (gift from folk singer Phil Ochs) —news that never appeared. "The conspiracy trial just isn't news any more," one of the watchers commented as she flipped the dial from channel to channel searching for mention of the trial.

It was late by the time we took Weinglass back to the apartment on South University. He was having trouble with his stomach and had been to see a doctor that day for the pain. He looked exhausted. Kunstler also appeared exhausted and haggard, and the next morning—he put me up for the night at his borrowed apartment located cater-corner to the new John Hancock Building—he was sick.

We went over the material I was to give testimony on, the things I had seen on the evening of August 28, 1968, and written about for *The Nation* (see editorial: "The Hilton Hotel Incident," September 16, 1968).

Kunstler still felt sick as we left for court, but a house painter who overheard us still discussing the testimony cheered him up by wishing him luck with the trial and by telling him that he was doing the right thing: "Daley and the government—no matter what government—shouldn't be allowed to get away with what those guys are trying to pull."

Rowie's Fountain and Grill on East Jackson Blvd., just off State Street and just down the street from the Chicago Federal Court Building, is the morning gathering place for the defendants and their attorneys, and for the tourists and would-be revolution-

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aries who are studiously ignored by the people they have come to gawk at and to admire.

At a quarter to ten every weekday morning the Rowie's conspiracy contingent cavorts the two blocks down East Jackson Blvd. to the courthouse and the trial is on.

I spent a day in the witness room waiting to go on the stand, passing the time watching movie and video films of the police attack that had occurred at the intersection of Balboa and Michigan.

One of the films showed a demonstrator running through the intersection in a pair of jockey shorts as the police charged. Abbie Hoffman, who was passing through the room on his way to the afternoon session, slapped his forehead and exclaimed: "Look at that guy. Just look at him! God, what an army. Imagine getting a dose of that gas the pigs were using that night against your skin with nothing on but your shorts."

The next afternoon I took the stand and told of what I'd seen that night in August about the police charge; about the young man I'd seen trapped in a revolving door at the Hilton and beaten by the police until his face and head were bloody pulp; about the young girl pressed against the wall who screamed a solid pulsating sound of terror as she witnessed the beating; about the police using their hands, knees and clubs on a crowd that was concentrating on trying to avoid being mauled by the zealous officers.

In the end, Kunstler asked me if I knew whether or not any indictment had been returned against the police for conspiring to deny the rights of people who came to Chicago seeking a voice in the affairs of their country.

Richard Schultz, Assistant U.S. Attorney objected to the question. The Hon. Julius J. Hoffman sustained the objection. □

L. MENDEL RIVERS

KING OF THE MILITARY MOUNTAIN

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

L. Mendel Rivers, white-haired son of Gumville, S.C., is not a modest man. But because the accomplishments of his 64 years are not the kind that can be identified by ordinary titles and certificates, his autobiography in the *Congressional Directory* says only that he is an Elk, a Mason, an Episcopalian, winner of the Charleston Exchange Club "Book of Golden Deeds," winner of the Naval Dental Corps Plaque and other such honors. Deep in his heart, and sometimes as expressed to colleagues, he is much more puffed up than that biographical sketch would indicate. "I could defeat Strom Thurmond any day in the week. But I don't want to be a South Carolina Senator," he says. "I've got the most powerful position in the U.S. Congress."

Putting aside the first half of that boast as being perhaps excessive, he appraises quite correctly his chairmanship of the House Armed Services Committee; when it comes to swinging the Pentagon or tilting the federal budget, it exerts an almost irresistible leverage. Depending upon how the books are kept, one-half to three-fourths of the total federal budget, which is the military portion, is largely his creation. Some might suppose that Rivers' counterpart in the Senate, John Stennis, is as powerful. In the homage they demand and receive, Rivers and Stennis come out about even. In 1965, when a bust of Rivers was dedicated on Rivers Avenue in Charleston, several military planes packed with generals and admirals and Cabinet members and Congressmen flew in to honor him. But Stennis did just as well and perhaps better in the spring of 1969 when the military planes swooped down on Jackson, Miss., to unload Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, Gen. William Westmoreland, Adm. Hyman Rickover, astronaut Wally Schirra, a covey of U.S. Senators and Representatives, and all manner of military industrialists for a banquet (there were 1,190 guests who paid $20 a plate) honoring Stennis. Rivers knows how to get the military to fly him all over the world, on a one-man one-plane basis, if necessary; but so does Stennis. Rivers knows how to threaten the White House into obedience; but so does Stennis. But there are two major differences: Rivers is the most powerful spokesman for militarism *in the much more military-minded House* (he has a more congenial atmosphere in which to work) and he is much more willing than Stennis to push his power to the extreme—bullying, abusing, insulting, intimidating whenever he feels he must do so to remain king of the military mountain.

On the surface, Mendel Rivers would seem to lend himself to ridicule. He has worn his hair over-the-collar longish ever since he won election to the South Carolina legislature thirty-eight years ago, and in other ways of dress and demeanor he proudly proclaims himself a Claghorn type. ("I don't think the lightning of intellect struck the taproot of my family tree.") He is sometimes quaint, as when he reads the martial poetry of Charleston's own Henry Timrod ("Thy ancient fame is growing dim,/A spot is on thy garment's rim,/Give to the winds thy battle

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hymn, Carolina!"). He is sometimes obnoxious, as when he took the floor to urge his comrades to do their worst to those who desecrate the flag: "Let's deal with these buzzards!" (Which prompted Congressman Haley of Florida to propose that the "buzzards" be taken 200 miles to sea and dropped overboard with an anchor around their necks.) He is even a bit frightening when he proposes—regularly—that we should wipe out Red China with nuclear bombs "before they are able to do it to us." He is and has always been an embarrassing sycophant. (Of the previous HASC chairman, Carl Vinson, he once said: "As St. Paul sat at the feet of our Master, it has been my privilege to sit at the feet of Mr. Vinson.") He is notoriously venal on behalf of his constituents: he has brought to his Congressional district an estimated federal payroll and contract bonanza of well over $3 billion a year, derived from activities at an Air Force base, a Polaris missile facility, a naval shipyard, a navy fleet ballistic missile, a submarine training base, a naval supply center, a naval weapons station, a naval station, a naval hospital, an army depot, a Marine Corps air station, and a Marine Corps recruit depot. Companies which have found it expedient to set up branch plants in Congressman Rivers' district since he became HASC chairman in 1965 include Lockheed, McDonnell-Douglas (which recently won the $6 billion contract for building the F-15 fighter), Avco and General Electric.

But beneath the crudities—and despite the fact that he does not have a deep or creative or disciplined mind—is an endlessly crafty and tireless political manipulator. Rep. Otis Pike has expressed the sentiments of a number of Rivers' critics: "Anyone who thinks Rivers is dumb just hasn't paid attention to him."

Many of Rivers' traits may be reprehensible, but it is nevertheless unhappily true that he is successful because he represents the majority opinion in this country and the deepest passions of Congress. One of his critics on the HASC, discussing Rivers' ability to speed his programs through the House, gave these comparisons: "Carl Perkins [chairman of Labor and Education Committee] gets agitated when he tries to put his programs across. Wright Patman [chairman of the Banking Committee] is a nut. But Rivers, well, Rivers reflects the current of the House, and that's why he can get the job done."

Rivers condemns criticism of the military-industrial establishment as "anti-militarism gone completely berserk"; he loftily invites his colleagues to an orgy of patriotism: "There is room enough for us all to participate in this high privilege of saving what is left of this great country"; he discourses upon the need to ignore the press and the public, or, as he puts it, "We have a bigger issue here [than to] satisfy some newspaper editor or some TV commentator or the howling mob"; he urges his colleagues to scorn the critics who are unhappy about military-industrial waste—about such things as a $1 billion "dream tank" that won't run and a $3 billion F-111B that won't fly: "I believe American industry can rise to the challenge. Let us give them a hand. They need a pat on the back. If they ever needed it, now is the time. Experts [who find fault] are mushrooming all over the place like toadstools. I have run across more experts in the last year than there are dogs at a county fair." And when Admiral Rivers, as he is sometimes affectionately referred to by members of his committee, makes such remarks, he is in fact reflecting the current of the House.

There are several ways to measure his power. A few months ago a Navy journalist apprentice named Roger Priest, stationed in Washington, began issuing a mimeographed anti-war pamphlet. His commanding officers tried to discover a way to interrupt his activities. They assigned twenty-five investigators to keep watch over him day and night; sifted through his garbage and trash for possible evidence of subversion; tried to soften him up with a female operator, etc. But Priest didn't run into *real* trouble until he printed an issue that contained what he called "The Parable of Bobby Seale."

This tells of a man who was trying to get a drink of water from a stream but found it polluted. Another man came by and explained that the stream was full of muck and filth because a huge hog was standing in the middle of the stream at the top of the mountain. "This hog," the man said, "is pissing and shitting in the stream and that is why it is so dirty." So both men went upstream until they came to the hog and they stood on the bank and yelled at it: "L. MENDEL RIVERS! GET YOUR ASS OUT OF THAT STREAM! Y'HEAR, BOY?"

That did it. Within hours the Navy had slapped a multitude of charges against Priest and he still awaits his fate before court-martial. Rivers recently told a reporter what the outcome of the trial should be: "That boy ought to be put in prison, that's what." And if the Navy was listening, he probably will be.

In the same area, but on a policy level, Rivers' power can be measured by this incident: In May 1969, the Secretary of the Army, Stanley Resor, hoping to diminish public criticism of the military establishment for its sometimes harsh treatment of servicemen who oppose the war, issued a memorandum to all commanders urging that they take a less hysterical attitude toward anti-war demonstrations, coffeehouses, anti-war discussions and anti-war newspapers. Resor's letter recalled certain provisions in the Constitution. When Rivers heard of the memorandum, he called the Secretary before the House Armed Services Committee for a general dressing-down. Rivers ridiculed him for "making a good case for that First Amendment," forced him to reiterate Article I, Section 8, Clause 14 of the Constitution ("Congress shall have power to make rules for . . . the land and naval forces") like a naughty boy promising a hundred times to be good. Then he turned bitterly to Gen. William Westmoreland, also present at this secret session, with the

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remonstrance: "I know you can't agree with him, General Westmoreland, not if you still have an ounce of South Carolina blood in your veins." Finally, sighing and frowning, Rivers announced that he was so overcome with passionate anger that he could not continue the hearings. Within a few days Resor's memorandum had been rescinded.

It is of course impossible to say exactly what part Rivers played in persuading President Nixon to rule out trials for the Green Berets accused of murdering a suspected South Vietnamese counter-agent, but the White House quite openly concedes that Rivers' concern for protecting the Green Berets, including one good ol' South Carolina boy, was a major consideration.

The Rt. Rev. Carl McIntire, chaplain of the far, far Right, knows where the power lies. On the occasion of the November 15 moratorium demonstration in Washington, McIntire showed up to stage his own small counter-demonstration. With a claque of his followers in tow, he went out to lay a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. But he had made no formal arrangements with the Army to do this, so the guards at the tomb turned him away. Reporters asked him if he intended to protest this rebuff to the White House. "Well, yes, I guess so," he said. "But first I intend to take it up with Congressman Rivers."

The previous chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, "Uncle Carl" Vinson of Georgia, was an absolute dictator. Committee members who even looked as though they might become critical were—legend has it—benevolently banished by Vinson to a "fact-finding mission" at some distant military base "to give them a cooler, better perspective." That technique does have an apocryphal sound; but Vinson's iron fist was no myth.

Rivers, too, can be an iron tyrant, especially when he sees the need to manipulate propaganda for a particular weapons system or against a particular reform. This was shiningly illustrated in his recent efforts to play down the My Lai massacre by "investigating" it with his own subcommittee and with the promise exacted from other HASC members that he and only he would be spokesman for what had transpired behind closed doors. For four days, Rivers regularly emerged from the hearings to tell the press that he had heard no information that could convict anyone of a massacre. He said he wasn't even certain from the testimony that a massacre had occurred. This was too much for some other members of the HASC, and they leaked the testimony of Chief Warrant Officer Hugh C. Thompson, who said he had had to hold off marauding U.S. soldiers at gun point in order to rescue some of the victims of My Lai in his helicopter. Significantly, none of the leakers would be identified. James Doyle of the Washington *Star* reported: "One said he was afraid of Rivers, apparently afraid of some form of reprisal." In the end, Rivers' method of handling the investigation created a credibility gap so wide that the entire Pentagon was about to fall in it, and Defense Secretary Laird and Army Secretary Resor successfully implored him to shut up and pull out of the case.

It must not be presumed, however, that a majority of the HASC was embarrassed by their leader's actions in this case. Most felt just as he did. When Warrant Officer Thompson testified, his statements were greeted either with unfriendly silence from the Rivers' panel or with unfriendlier questions that sometimes implied he was a stool pigeon. But when the commander of the brigade that attacked My Lai on the day of the alleged massacre, Capt. Ernest L. Medina, testified, he reportedly won a round of heartfelt, spontaneous applause. That is the general temper of the HASC: war is for killing, and killers not rescuers get the committee's applause.

Operating with an outfit like that, Rivers does not ordinarily have to be a tyrant to get its unquestioning support. He merely has to be himself, a very savvy fellow who knows how to put other Congressmen in his debt, who does his homework on the military budget probably better than anybody else on the committee, and who is the beneficiary of a militaristic attitude that has been soaking into the fabric of Congress since World War II, and an extremely simplistic attitude toward defense best summed up in the statement of the late Speaker Sam Rayburn: "I would rather be a live American with an empty pocketbook than a dead one with a full one."

On this last point, it is Rep. Robert Leggett's contention that the HASC became a nonpartisan monolith in the Eisenhower era because Vinson held defense expenditures on a tight rein. Leggett points out that between 1955 and 1965 the defense budget rose an average of only $1.4 billion a year (compared to the $10 billion a year increase since Rivers became chairman). Congress, not much caring what money was wasted or stupidly spent, so long as the total did not seem out of control, rewarded Vinson's budgeting by subjecting him to no partisan criticism. Since Vinson's time, and partly because of his success, the HASC has become increasingly single-minded, until, says Leggett, "partisanship has completely broken down—we have no minority counsel or minority system of checks and balances that you have on every other committee of this House." On the first day the HASC meets in a new Congress, Rivers tells freshmen members: "This is the last time you will be referred to as Democrats or Republicans."

As a result of this single-mindedness, under the lead of Rivers, the committee commits such grotesqueries as that embodied in Rep. Richard McCarthy's question: "Why is it that the Senate was able to pass unanimously an amendment that would put restrictions on the testing and transportation and disposal of germ and gas warfare weapons, why is it that an amendment like that, one which has been

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approved by the Secretary of Defense and passed by the Senate unanimously, which includes such 'unilateral disarmers' as Senator Tower and Senator Thurmond, *all* of whom voted for it—why would an amendment like that be voted down in the Armed Services Committee on the House side?"

Everyone who knows Mendel Rivers knows the answer to that one. Leggett, a California Congressman and member of the HASC who has become an open critic of Rivers' tactics in recent months, did not exaggerate when he told *The Nation* that "a chairman like Rivers who knows how to use his power is 100 times more powerful than all the other committee members put together."

True, there are thirty-nine other Representatives on the Armed Services Committee, but inasmuch as democracy is utterly ignored, the committee is essentially Rivers, backed by his tough aide, Brig. Gen. John R. Blandford (U.S. Marine Corps Reserves), who is the committee's counsel and honorary assistant chairman. A veteran of South Pacific fighting in World War II, a member of Phi Beta Kappa, a Yale law graduate who joined the committee staff in 1947 and became chief counsel in 1963, Blandford orders committee members around as if they were buck privates on a work detail, and tells the press: "My responsibility is not to the public, it is to the chairman alone." Never have more than five members voted against Rivers.

Often Rivers does not even tell the committee of vital issues under discussion between himself and the Defense Department until he is ready to ask for the committee's vote of support. He and Deputy Defense Secretary David Packard agreed in private conversation that they would temporarily dispense with the construction of a third squadron of the cost-plagued C5A and would instead pump $52 million into the research and development of a cheap "Freedom Fighter" plane for our allies (thus moving us into a new era when, for the first time, we develop planes not for our own arsenal but to be sold and given away to foreigners). On September 24, 1969, Packard wrote Rivers a letter which began: "Dear Mr. Chairman: Following our discussion this morning, this will confirm our request that your committee consider," etc. That was the Freedom Fighter request. Rivers presented the letter to the committee, and, says Rep. Lucien Nedzi of Detroit, "that fifteen-line letter contains all the information on the $52 million transfer that the committee had when it voted." Not that the situation was unusual. On another occasion, says Nedzi, "We on the committee learned about a Soviet bomber threat through the press, following the chairman's appearance before the Rules Committee."

While it is true that the C5A caused so much concerted unhappiness within the HASC—it would be too strong to call it a minor rebellion—that Rivers was forced finally to hold hearings on the $2 billion overrun of costs on the jet transport, the proof of his long-range victory was that, although the design and construction of the plane had been under way for six years, never before had the committee been given a briefing on it.

The best example of how the rest of the committee gets its information comes from Congressman Pike of New York. "When I was at a meeting of the Society of Experimental Test Pilots in California," he said, "I was in the bar talking with some of the pilots and I learned about a failure they had uncovered in testing the wing of the C5A. I didn't learn about this in the committee, from the chairman, or

L. Mendel Rivers

from the Pentagon—no, I learned about it *talking to a guy in a bar*. That's how we're treated in the Armed Services Committee."

That is why Pike feels that "the great evil isn't the military-industrial. The great evil is secrecy. I have pieces of paper which I can use to document the fact that the Secretary of the Army changes his testimony—he tells us one thing in committee, and when the hearings are printed, it comes out another way. I can prove that the Secretary of the Navy classifies as 'secret' information that is simply embarrassing to him. I can prove that the Pentagon has censored *public testimony*—apparently having forgotten that the testimony was given publicly." Only about 10 per cent of the HASC testimony is scissored

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out, but it is the key part, without which the public can't tell what the issues are.

According to Rep. Charles Whalen of Ohio: "During the first six months we were studying military procurement items, we didn't even have a bill in front of us—but we kept up in a roundabout way by reading some of the trade magazines. Good old *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, for example, gave a breakdown. They could get the information when we couldn't."

Though Rivers has his favorites on the HASC—especially the policy group of seven or eight members who spent the Christmas holidays with him in Puerto Rico making up the next defense budget—he is adept at spreading around enough flattery and favoritism to keep happy everyone except the handful who oppose him. Each member of the committee has a chance to take in the Paris Air Show and other junkets. Everyone who pays sufficient obeisance may reasonably expect Rivers' help in raising campaign funds, and he is good at it. In these ways he keeps the members docile. (A couple of years ago he even sent five of his committee's secretaries on an "inspection" tour of Europe. When the ladies returned, they allegedly wrote a 5-page report, but Rivers told newsmen it was "classified.")

He juggles subcommittee assignments and chairmanships to reward supporters and punish recalcitrants. Such discrimination may seem trivial to the outside world, but to Congressmen it is important. As one member of the committee who is being punished with lousy assignments explained, "These subcommittee assignments are important to us because that's how a political animal gets his exposure. If he gets on a good subcommittee, he gets his name in the newspapers." One of Rivers' critics who should have cause to complain on this score is Congressman Pike. In 1962 Pike and Rivers were great pals. "Mendel came to my district that year and spoke in my behalf," Pike recalls. "Grumman Aircraft was the biggest employer in my district and Republic Aircraft then was the second largest employer. Mendel made a fine speech. He helped me sell a lot of tickets to the defense contractors, and he wouldn't take a dime for himself. Naturally I was indebted to him."

Rivers wasn't chairman then. By the time he took over the committee three years later Pike had begun to question the wisdom of some of the HASC projects. Rivers was not only furious; he considered Pike an ingrate and a traitor. Last year Pike was the ranking member of the Armed Services Special Investigating Subcommittee—a very active, very important group. But when Porter Hardy, its chairman, retired, Rivers, instead of promoting Pike to the chairmanship, as might have been expected, kicked him off the subcommittee altogether and named himself chairman.

Sam Stratton of New York once showed some signs of independence, but when Rivers promoted a junior Congressman to be a subcommittee chairman ahead of him, Stratton took the hint and became one of Rivers' most unquestioning supporters.

Rarely does the HASC engage in a discussion of military policy, rarely does it stop to contemplate where its purchases are taking the nation and whether it is the right direction. Congressman Pike explained: "We just don't talk about that sort of thing very much. We only get about one opportunity a year to get into underlying policies. That one time is when the Secretary of Defense comes over and gives his policy statement. The rest of the time we just talk about nuts and bolts. We very, very frequently talk about such minor items that we are blind to the bigger picture of what we are doing to our economy and what we are doing to other countries."

Pike is especially bothered by the fact that the HASC does no sort of job in explaining its activities to the rest of Congress. He said:

> We have operated our procurement for some time on the 2½-war theory. That is, we buy our hardware against the possibility of having to simultaneously fight one war in Europe, one war in Asia and a small war somewhere else, perhaps in Latin America. I don't honestly believe that half of Congress is aware that this has been the basic assumption on which all of our procurements were based.
>
> You start with that as the basis, plus commitments that nobody can control in Congress, and you have something uncontrollable. The thing that makes it so hard to turn around is that so many members find it much easier just to be against communism. I don't think defense spending means that much in the Midwest, but you don't see them wanting to be recorded as voting for communism.

Most HASC members are less concerned with communism than with the cash register. "The forty guys on the committee should come from all walks of life," says Leggett. "But they don't. Practically all of them have conflicts of interest. Not that any member is getting a piece of the cash or owns stock in a company that will benefit. But the committee is made up mainly of people with an unseemly interest in the defense budget. Such as myself. We have the Mare Island Navy Shipyard in my district and the only nuclear naval shipyard. I like to build lots of those nuclear subs. I've done some personal emissary work to get some of the contracts. In my district is the Travis Air Force Base, the Beale AFB, the Mather AFB, the McClelland AFB, the Sacramento Army Depot and Aerojet General Corp. When it comes to the defense budget, my thinking is jaded. The basic problem with the committee is that it is made up of people who are postured that way because of commitments within their district and region."

In its grasping for defense contracts, the South is especially venal. A new infusion of regional greed was obtained through the freshman membership of the HASC in 1968. Of the seven added, one was from New Jersey (a retired colonel), one was a former Texas Congressman now elected from New Mex-

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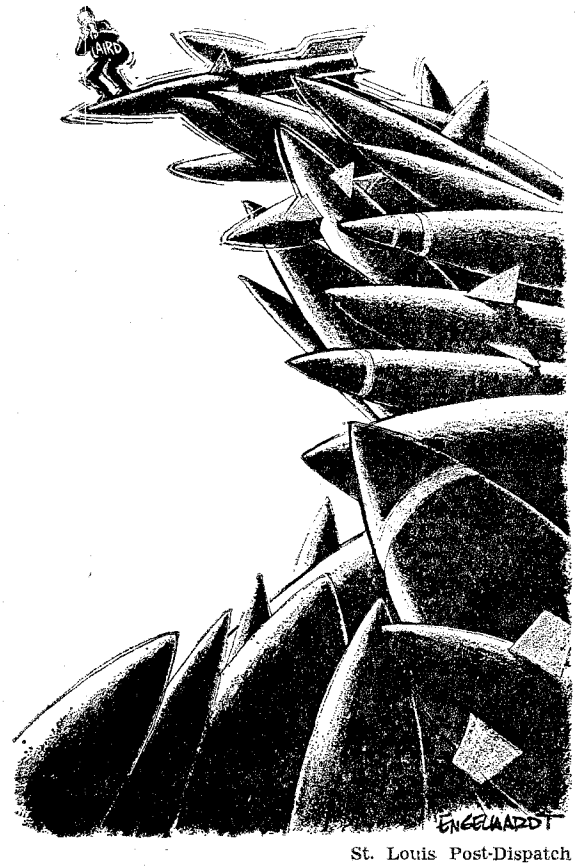

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"More—More—I Still Don't Feel Secure!"

ico, and the others were from Virginia, West Virginia, Georgia, Alabama and Texas.

At the banquet honoring Stennis in Jackson, Rivers showed up to deliver one of his crass speeches in which he got off a sally that gains its humor only from candor: "I don't believe the Yankees will pick a fight with us again, because when we get through there'll be precious few installations left north of the Mason-Dixon line."

How the Southern influence works can be seen by comparing, say, the $3.5 million authorized for military construction in New York in fiscal 1970 (of which the largest contract, for $1 million, went to the district of a HASC member, Congressman Pike), with the $21.7 million authorized for Florida, $18.8 million for Georgia, $5.2 million for Louisiana, $13 million for North Carolina, $30.8 million for South Carolina, $47 million for Texas, $31.4 million for Virginia, $3 million for Mississippi, $8 million for Tennessee, and $3.3 million for Arkansas. Of the Old Confederacy states, only the two poorest and least populous, Mississippi and Arkansas, got slightly less money than New York. (There is another difference between Stennis and Rivers: the latter got ten times more construction for his state.)

Although the House is overwhelmingly hawkish, most of them will not do more than vote for increased military expenditure. Only a small fraction are "spokesmen hawks," the kind who will get up in the House and counsel some blood-chilling vengeance upon the Communists of the world. Over a period of months, Leggett kept a record of those who made such speeches in the House. There were forty-five individuals; thirty of them from south of the Mason-Dixon line. As Leggett puts it, "the motor for the Vietnam War is from the South." Leggett takes a second step and draws this analogy: "You know, many Congressmen from the South believe that if the North would just leave them alone, the racial thing would work out all right. It's very simple for them to draw a parallel between what is happening in this country and in Vietnam. They think, 'If North Vietnam would just leave the South alone,' just as they have been saying about the North-South relationship over here for years. I think that is one reason our Southern Congressmen are so eager to bomb North Vietnam. I think it is easier for Southerners to talk of mass annihilation of people, especially those with dark skins."

The grease on the military legislation chute extends all the way through Congress: when the bills leave Rivers' authorization committee, they speed through the South-controlled subcommittees of the Appropriations Committee (the full committee is not likely to disapprove the findings of the military appropriations subcommittee, since George Mahon of Texas is chairman of both). A friendly reception is also given to any request from the military construction appropriations subcommittee, presided over by Robert Sikes of Florida, an Army reserve general. Sikes wisely sees to it that every important member of the House gets a share of military construction for his district.

There is virtually no hope of sidetracking a military bill. This is how Leggett counts the votes: there are about ninety Southern Democrats, sixty of whom will vote with the GOP on any reactionary, hard-line issue. When it comes to military expenditures, all ninety will vote a strong line. There are 189 Republicans in the House, of whom between 170 to 175 will vote that way. And if it looks as if his help is needed, Speaker John McCormack, who has never in his life voted against the chairman of the HASC, will come down from the chair and stand in the well and deliver a wandering emotional oration on behalf of Rivers. This, Leggett figures, guarantees another twenty-five to thirty big-city Democratic votes that *might* otherwise have listened to the anti-Rivers argument.

The true love that exists between McCormack and Rivers is fascinating to contemplate. A couple of years ago McCormack told the House: "Mendel Rivers is one of the greatest Americans I have ever met. If I might, I will give a little secret which I believe is pretty well known to the membership of the House. There is a Republican Party and there is a Democratic Party, but there is also a McCormack-crat party, and that party consists of the gentleman from South Carolina and the gentleman from Massachusetts. Every once in a while some member wants to become a member of that party, and I say to him, 'I

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will vote for you, but you have to get Mendel's vote.' But they cannot get it, so it is a very exclusive party. It is one which conveys to me the greatest sentiment. I value very, very much the state of mind occupied by the gentleman from South Carolina in creating the most unique party in the entire history of our country, known as the McCormack-crat party."

That remark was made by McCormack as part of the House's historic defense of Rivers against Drew Pearson's accusation of drunkenness. Rivers, of course, replies in kind. When *The Washington Post* suggested that McCormack was perhaps too close to the edge of senility to serve well as Speaker, Rivers stormed back that "anyone who criticizes the Speaker undermines the war effort of America, they undermine the fighting man on the battlefront and the most anti-Communist man in America." Then, turning to gaze with reverence on the tottery Speaker, Rivers intoned, "You are the most humane, you are the most kindly, you are the most understanding, you are the most qualified, you are the most concerned man who has ever presided over the House in our long history." Such self-serving exchanges of flattery are only too common among the Congressional leadership, but with Rivers and McCormack it speaks of a real working relationship that has enormous significance in defending the military center of Congress. McCormack has much influence on committee assignments.

Early in 1969, five men on the HASC decided that the priorities of the committee should be wrenched back into line with national priorities, and they determined to challenge the chairman's all-for-war attitude. Because other Congressmen considered them foolhardy, they have become known as "The Fearless Five"; they are Leggett, Pike, Whalen, Nedzi and Robert Stafford of Vermont. Whalen and Stafford are Republicans. This is not the first "Fearless Five" to be created from the HASC—another group sprang up in the early 1960s in opposition to funding the B-70, which turned out to be a $1 billion museum piece—but pressure erodes such valor and only Nedzi and Pike can boast of being veterans of an opposition that goes back to the Kennedy era.

The five knew the odds they faced. They were bucking not only the other thirty-five members but a fifty-man committee staff headed by Blandford that would develop arguments *for* the budget. The five had no staff at all. But they met weekly to prepare strategy, and they teamed up in a loose way with some of the more active doves in the Democratic Study Group, and with the Members of Congress for Peace Through Law (an outfit dreamed up by then Sen. Joseph Clark a couple of years ago but become dormant until Rep. Brad Morse took over its leadership). They put together fourteen amendments which they hoped would chip away the military budget.

Only a few fragments of one amendment got through; otherwise the doves were rubbed out by the Rivers faction. Whalen argues, however, that their record isn't as barren as it might appear. For instance, at one of their weekly meetings the five Congressmen decided that they would ask for a reduction of $550 million in the Manned Orbiting Laboratory budget. "Within two days the Department of Defense had cut the budget request on that point," he said. "I'm not saying the room was bugged, but that's what happened."

Their defeat was total enough, nevertheless, to make another move against the military budget seem quixotic. However, the five men are currently planning to attack again.

One might sometimes be deluded into thinking that Rivers wants to restrain military spending. Once in a while he will make a remark like, "For too long our policy has been to buy, buy, buy. If it keeps up, it will be bye, bye, bye, America." This, however, is not a statement he applies generally, but only specifically to some project he does not favor. A more accurate reflection of his general attitude toward defense spending is this: "I know good and well that we can afford it. Any nation that is approaching a trillion dollars gross national product can afford to spend enough to survive." If the era calls for Congressional thrift, let it be shown in some of the do-good programs. "This Congress doesn't have the guts," he ranted, "to stand up here and stop some of these crazy programs that we have, for instance, the Job Corps. But they will go to the military and cut them to smithereens."

Some liberals feel that the Renegotiation Board should be perpetuated—it is the board authorized to inspect some defense contracts for profiteering—but wiser observers of the Pentagon are convinced that, understaffed and crippled by restrictive legislation, it is incapable of policing the industry and only misleads the public into thinking that profiteering is being controlled. The latter group can point to the fact that the military-industrial establishment's best friend, Mendel Rivers, *favors* a continuation of the Renegotiation Board.

On this point, Rivers sounds too good to be true. "Both the prime contractors and subcontractors are big men," he told the House, when urging a vote to reauthorize the board, "they do not deal in chicken feed. They hire the smartest people on earth to come down here to Washington to sit across the table from some little colonel or lieutenant colonel or somebody else who may not know exactly everything about a computer, and these people can steal you blind, if they want to. That is a fact of life." It was a perfectly accurate description of what is going on. And, as he must have known, the Renegotiation Board has proved itself in recent years to be incapable of stopping the thievery.

The hope for the decline of L. Mendel Rivers is built on slender reeds. After Rivers had all but endorsed George Wallace in 1968 (he helped raise

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money for the third-party candidate), there was talk around Washington of charging him with party disloyalty. A successful challenge would have stripped him of his seniority and his chairmanship. Nobody took the talk seriously.

Sometimes there are vague, passing hopes that scandal will unseat him. For a man whose hands process, if only indirectly, so many contractual plums, Rivers has remained amazingly unsmudged. Only once, so far as I can discover, has his name ever been a principal in a grand jury investigation. That was in connection with a strangely inflated Navy contract which Rivers tried to push through the Pentagon on behalf of a friendly defense contractor. Reportedly, the federal grand jury received information that $25,000 exchanged hands in a fashion that looked very much like a pay-off, but just who received the goodies was never made clear. Rivers' name remained clean.

On another occasion Rivers tried to manipulate a contract that would have canceled the services of Saturn Airways, which charges the Army $6 million for non-jet interbase carrier service, and would have guaranteed instead the use of Overseas National Airways at a cost of $20.8 million (ONA would have used jets). The chairman of ONA was an old pal. That bit of cronyism was blocked by the Senate, which Rivers views as a haven for his enemies.

In their book, *The Case Against Congress*, Pearson and Anderson wrote: "On occasion his [Rivers'] binges lasted for days. He has been found lying on the floor of his office on Monday mornings, surrounded by empty bottles, after a weekend of drinking. Sometimes he has been found by his staff in this state with his office safe wide-open." Pearson and Anderson relate how Rivers' staff has plucked him drunk from various hotels around town and plunged him into the drying-out apparatus at both private clinics and at Bethesda Naval Hospital.

Several Congressmen who work closely with Rivers were asked recently if he still drinks. The most definite answer was this: "Mendel is an alcoholic, and I think he would be the first to admit it. But he fights it hard. I've only seen him drunk twice that I can recall in the last nine years. Hell, I've been under the weather more than that."

An Army colonel based in Rivers' home town, Charleston, told me: "Six years ago he used to get drunk a lot and we would have to taxi him around in that condition. But for the last couple of years, there hasn't been much of that."

Women who work in the general area of Rivers' plush Rayburn Office Building hang-out say that his uniformed bodyguard used to shoo them away from the corridor near his office on occasions when Rivers was getting out of control inside, and that members of his staff would sometimes come scurrying out into the hall saying, "Let's get the hell out of here." But such eruptions are reportedly not occurring as often as they once did.

If Rivers has in fact learned to control himself one-half as well as he long ago learned how to control the Armed Services Committee and Congressional votes on the military budget, the old warrior may be as invincible as the military-industrial establishment he represents. □

THIS WINTER IN JERUSALEM

HERBERT KROSNEY

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Jerusalem

The rain is late this season in the Judean hills; only two days of it so far. When it comes the water courses through the wadi outside our buildings, beating down its ancient crevice into the plains and trickling into the sea. But recent days have been mostly magnificent: bright sun, warm at midday, clouds streaking through the sky, and none of the burnt-out feeling one has at the peak of summer.

There is a feeling both of melancholy and determination in this Israeli air. The melancholy comes from the knowledge that the Arabs do not intend to sit down and talk with Israel and that peace is a long way distant; it also comes from the continual reports of casualties, one and two a day, either at Suez or in the Jordan River basin; and the realization that Israel will have to pay a price for its current highly advantageous strategic position. The determination is that Israel will see it through. A sensitive and quite religious friend put it this way: "It may be that we are destined to fight the Arabs—forever. Just as we had to fight these people's forefathers—just as they took the land from us—from the time of Ishmael. This goes a long way back, and it may go on for many years more."

Another good friend, a somewhat sentimentally inclined intellectual, but one who brazenly asked Yigal Allon recently whether he thought that Israel might perhaps go the way of South Africa in its policy in the "territories," put his desire for peace in this way: "I long for peace because I am a paratrooper. And I will fight, and I don't want to die. But I shall fight. Of course I shall fight." Sometimes one gets the feeling that what holds Israel together is only the Arab threat, only the desire to survive.

Israeli high school students upon graduation last

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spring looked at one another warily. Who would be marked for death? But this is not America. None questions his basic obligation to the military; all know that the alternative to a readiness to fight is the end of the Jewish state. They want to survive, both as Jews and as a political state which is a homeland for Jews. Even those on the most extreme left wing feel that way.

Which brings me back to my wadi. It used to be a boundary in the "corridor" which kept a part of Jerusalem in the Israeli state for twenty years. On one side were the Arabs, on the other the Jews, and down the middle, but on the Israeli side, ran a railroad that linked Jerusalem to Tel Aviv. It was the outlet to the sea. About 2 miles southwest in the wadi is the Arab village of Bitur. It is the place where Bar Kochba put up the last Jewish defense in Palestine in 135, a futile and madly heroic final fling for liberty before the land was surrendered once and for all to Roman power. During the twenty years of division, Arabs from Bitur had permission to grow their crops and graze their sheep on their lands on the Israeli side of the wadi.

Just about a mile in the other direction from my house, up toward the center of Jerusalem, is another Arab village, this one called Bet Safafa. For twenty years this village was divided by a barbed wire fence, set on the Israeli side of a lovely and picturesque narrow village lane. On one side of the fence were fathers and mothers and sons and daughters. On the other side were fathers and mothers, sons and daughters. The whole village is a web of cousins, friends, childhood sweethearts, and the rest of the hodgepodge that makes an Arab village. For two decades the two halves of the village could see each other only on rare occasions: when a relative died, they could bury him together; on particular holy days, they could worship together.

I have come to know this village because of Moussa, the Arab handy man who services our buildings in the Katamon area of Jerusalem. Moussa is proud of being an Israeli. He has tended to look with some disdain on the political views of his father and his cousins, who spent twenty years separated from him. In the recent election Moussa voted Alignment —the coalition party of Golda Meir—and he knows the ins and outs of doing business in Israel. For instance, he has worked up a thriving chicken business since the Six Day War. He gets chicks from a kibbutz outside Jerusalem; raises them himself; and sells them at a decent profit to the market in nearby Bethlehem. Economic integration has returned to the Holy Land. Like most Arab Israelis, he thinks that the Arab states should recognize Israel and that talk and negotiations between equal "realities" is the only path to peace.

But Moussa is an angry man these days. In the early 1950s his father was expelled from Israel to the Jordanian side of Bet Safafa for security reasons. Moussa continued to live in his father's house, consisting of three rather large rooms, a living room, a kitchen and a bedroom. Some few months ago, his wife gave birth to a daughter, his fourth daughter as against one son. Moussa decided he must build an addition to his house in order to have at least one more bedroom for his enlarged family.

He could not get permission to do so. The house is officially considered "enemy property" by the Israeli authorities since it legally belongs to his father. Its contours cannot be changed, pending peace negotiations. Moussa has gone to court and been refused, even though he had the sympathy of the judge.

A cynicism has crept into Moussa's thinking. He is no longer so happy to talk politics with me. He feels victimized. Israeli arguments about the law being the law, and "enemy property" being rentable but not buyable, leave him unmoved. He feels that his father, a Jordanian citizen, a Palestinian, a resident of the other side of Bet Safafa, and he have an equal right to make changes in the house as they see fit, and to settle their own family's affairs as they want.

I can't help feeling he is right. The difficulty is that Moussa's is only one complaint of many thousands from Arabs in pre-1967 Israel and the territories. The "enemy property" situation is only one example of a disquieting phenomenon.

Punch

The trouble is that Israel takes no initiative in dealing with the Arabs in its control, whether in Israel or in the territories. A point of stagnation has been reached. Countermeasures of force are evident enough, but political countermeasures, designed to undercut Arab hostility and even to win Arab acceptance and support, are very few.

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The forceful measures are well known. The Israelis blow up Arab houses where owners or residents cooperated with terrorists, or saw terrorists operating but failed to report it. (Something less than 600 houses have been blown up since the Six Day War.) The state expels those Arab leaders who for undefined and untried "security" reasons are suspect. (About 100 Arabs have been expelled.) There are disturbing elements in this approach, but not so much because of what Dayan called "neighborhood punishment" (the eyewitness as well as the perpetrator being punished if no report is made). The truly disturbing factor is that those accused are not tried except by the judgment of the local commander. The people of the Book have suddenly taken upon themselves the responsibilities of punishment without recourse to a court of law. The argument that the law for emergencies under which this action is taken stems from the British Mandate and was used by the Jordanians as well as the Israelis, does not justify such a law. Not at any rate for Jews, who have some moral pretensions, unlike the British in their post-1939 Palestinian policy or the Jordanians in their twenty-year occupation of the West Bank of the Jordan.

Of course, countermeasures must be applied. The Palestinians under Israeli rule must feel Israeli as well as terrorist pressure if Israel is to bestow order on the territories and the Arab part of Jerusalem.

Just about a year ago Arab shops in east Jerusalem closed in a general strike for almost a week. An Arab friend, a businessman who claims to be "non-political" but who would probably prefer to see the city internationalized, and who in any case has great doubts about Israeli rule, described how he was "persuaded" to join that strike. "First I was asked by someone who came to my shop. I said I didn't think the strike would do any good but those who want to strike should go ahead. I had to make money for my family and I preferred to go on working.

"Everyone I knew, in fact, was against the strike. It could hurt us. Then I got a telephone call. The man didn't tell me his name. He said, 'You must join the strike. Otherwise you'll be sorry.' "

The Arab-Christian businessman joined the strike. So did every other shopkeeper in east Jerusalem. The tactic of fear worked brilliantly. Israel stopped the strike only by applying a counterforce, really at the insistence of many of the shopkeepers who were afraid to be the first to open for business. Police went into several shops, arrested owners and began to confiscate goods. The next day all the Arab shops were open; they had been given their excuse. While reports of the Israeli act did not make a good impression in the world press, it seems evident that Israel's countermeasure was really taken on behalf of Arab businessmen.

It becomes a question, then, of what is a proper Israeli initiative. Forceful countermeasures may at times be effective, but they are only a delaying action. A first step could well be for Israel to concern itself with those Palestinians, both from pre-1967 and post-Six Day War, who live under its control. Part of this would certainly be to resolve the personal problems of Arabs, especially in regard to lost property. Adequate compensation should be immediately offered. A second aspect would be a public declaration of some responsibility for restoring lives of dignity and decency to those Arabs who fled in 1948 and 1967. I do not say that Israel should assume moral responsibility for their flight from their homes. This was not and is not Israel's responsibility. But in both humanitarian and selfish terms, it is certainly in Israel's interest to allay the hatred that has piled up for twenty years. That this hate ought to be directed as much at Arab governments is irrelevant. Israel should pave the way with some pilot refugee projects and attempt to gain international financing for refugee resettlement on its side of the River Jordan. Such planning would have to include industry as well as agriculture.

Finally, Israel cannot afford to let the "occupation" stagnate. It must undertake a very careful political initiative designed to give Arabs on the West Bank increased self-government. It must attempt to formulate some dynamic way in which Arabs and Jews can work together more on the basis of equal partnership.

There are important signs that increased Israeli initiative with Arabs on the West Bank could bring political dividends. More than a million Palestinians still live in Palestine. Their conditions are the lament of the Arabs beyond the borders. But these Arabs still living in Israel-held territory can show a will of their own; and the latter's views are not necessarily identical to the views of either the terrorist organizations or the Arab states.

Arabs, in Jerusalem at any rate, have begun to stand up to their colleagues across the river. *El Kuds*, an Arab newspaper formed after the Six Day War, just the other day refused a strike call by journalists in Amman. *El Kuds* believes both that Israel should be recognized and that a Palestinian entity should be formed. The newspaper asked recently where was the $5 million which the Jordanian Government announced it had given to West Bank residents. Jordan didn't quite have an answer and the response by Amman journalists was to call for the strike by Arab reporters on *El Kuds*. Arab journalists in Jerusalem refused.

The position of the Jerusalem Arab, his deep longing for security and normalcy, is further pointed up by the elections themselves. There were terrorist threats against those who voted, but most Arabs in Jerusalem have never been so prosperous. That is true both of the working class and a good many sections of the business class. A garage mechanic in east Jerusalem who earns 300 Israeli pounds a month (less than $100) can get up to 900 pounds if he works across town in a Jewish garage. The

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average Arab laborer can now join Histadrut and instead of earning between 5 and 10 pounds a day, can make close to 30. Therefore, about 8,000 Arabs voted, mainly for Teddy Kollek, a man whom they deeply respect and who they know wants a united and cosmopolitan Jerusalem, not an all-Jewish one. Less than 3,000 had voted in Jordanian city elections.

Jerusalem, however, is not the territories. There, where the political situation remains tenuous and the citizens know themselves to be part of a bargaining process—if it would ever begin—the economic situation is much worse.

Military occupations tend to corrupt both the occupied and the occupier. Extremism of response develops with time and the value of human life and property becomes cheaper. Yet even there, at least among the few Arabs with whom I talk seriously, there seems to be room for movement and initiative.

I've seen a lot recently of a man I shall call Mahmoud. Like most Palestinians, he despises King Hussein of Jordan, who he thinks is corrupt, and his uncle, Sherif al Husseini Nasser, whom he considers even worse. He would like Israel to begin talking with those Palestinian leaders, including himself, who remain on the West Bank.

Shortly after the war, but before the first military parade for Israel Independence Day in Jerusalem, Mahmoud and fifteen other Arab notables met with Levi Eshkol. They pleaded with him to negotiate with them, to stop the parade or turn it into a demonstration for peace. Eshkol promised to consider their request but they never had a reply.

In the first year after the war he also met with El Fatah leaders in Geneva. During the talk he picked up the phone and tried to call Mr. Eshkol in Israel. Eshkol sent Mr. Moshe Sassoon, the Arab Affairs adviser at the Prime Minister's office, to the meeting. Again, there were no results.

Mahmoud claims that there is no one in Israel—not even Golda Meir—who can say yes to a particular proposal; that the cumbersome machinery of democracy prevents Israel from taking decisive action. He has little faith in the Big Four, who he says reflect only their own interests when it comes to decided spheres of influence in the Middle East. He wants Jew and Palestinian to talk to each other.

But Mahmoud, who considers himself a Palestinian nationalist, does not spare the Arab governments from his bitter criticism. He says that in their hearts they are tired of the Palestinians; they didn't care for twenty years and don't care now. He claims that only the Palestinians can talk for the Palestinians and that they are willing to do so.

The Israeli leadership has asked: "Where are the Palestinians to talk to?" Foreign Minister Eban once asked for the names of four Palestinians who would talk with him. Mahmoud claims there are hundreds and that Eban knows it. Mahmoud feels that many Palestinians have wanted to talk to Israel but have been rebuffed because Israel does not recognize the validity of Palestinian nationalism.

Mahmoud criticizes the Israeli Government for its refusal to negotiate Palestinian claims with Palestinians. Abba Eban has proclaimed that he does not think a Palestinian state, or entity, is feasible. And he asks: "Why do we need a fourteenth Arab state, aren't thirteen enough?"

Mahmoud, along with most other Palestinians, thinks Jerusalem, the city of peace, is the stumbling block to a settlement. He wants a Palestinian state, federated or confederated with Israel; but Jerusalem must be the Palestinian as well as the Israeli capital. He sees little room for compromise in this matter.

Unlike many other Palestinians, Mahmoud acknowledges that the 1949 borders must remain, "with small readjustments." He agrees, for example, that a city like Ramle—once all Arab and now all Jewish—cannot be given back to the original inhabitants. There must, however, be adequate compensation. He advocates the building of development cities in the West Bank and perhaps in the Negev.

He tends to agree with the view that Palestine must be reconstituted in its entirety, including "Egyptian Palestine," which is another term for much of Sinai. He sees no reason why the vast oil reserves recently discovered by Israeli geologists in the Sinai could not be developed by Palestinians and Jews together. Like Israelis, he has no particular sensitivity for Egyptian feelings in this matter. He feels that borders in this part of the world contain no particular magic; the important thing is that they be agreed upon.

He does not see any reason for Palestinians to associate themselves with the Jordanians. He feels the Hashemite royal family is corrupt and milked the West Bank for twenty years. He does not understand why a Jordanian occupation should replace an Israeli occcupation. Mahmoud, a businessman of some importance, would be eager for a free flow of capital between Israel and Palestine and for joint development projects.

Many questions remain unanswered. Does Mahmoud think the terrorist influence could be neutralized if Israel turned to the Palestinians? He believes this probable, but is vague about details. In any case, he feels that Arafat, the terrorist leader, would not have more influence than any one of the West Bank established leaders.

One gets the impression that Israel has given up too soon on the West Bank Arabs. Mahmoud claims, and I think with reason, that many West Bank Arabs and other Palestinians support his view. Palestinians living in Palestine have no particular desire for their sons to die. As Mahmoud says, "We fought in 1947. I fought too. Now is no longer the time for fighting. Now is the time to develop the land." The mayors of such cities as Hebron and possibly Nablus'

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ex-mayor are proponents of a Palestinian entity or state.

This is not to say that all of Mahmoud's views would be acceptable to the Israelis. They are, however, points for negotiation. They are reasonable. One might work from them.

There is room certainly for initiative in Israel's policy, both in the West Bank and in its attitude toward the refugees. Why should Israel sit on its borders, waiting for the Arab states to negotiate, when these states are not even really parties to the central dispute? The problem in the Middle East may appear to be one between the government of Israel and the Arab states. In reality the answer must be found in the human and perhaps political contacts between Arabs and Jews who share the full borders of Palestine.

Israel must keep its present borders until there is a peace treaty, but with whom does one make a peace treaty? What good is a peace treaty with an Arab state if the Palestinians are not satisfied? Outsiders tend to forget that Palestine, or Eretz Israel if you will, is one country. The fence in the middle of Bet Safafa has no natural meaning, no geography to sustain it. It is the same with the road from Afula to Jenin; from Jericho to Jerusalem and a hundred others. To put up a strip of barbed wire on these roads only illustrates the folly of man. When you live here it becomes clear that the country is and should be one country economically—as it has been except for those intervening twenty years. It makes sense practically, if not politically.

There is an answer which can possibly accommodate the conflicting claims of Arab and Jewish nationalism. But Israel must show a will to explore this path. Otherwise, Palestinians already under pressure from terrorists and in danger of "elimination" as collaborators by terrorist murder squads, will never dare to stand up and talk.

In sum, because it is time for Arab and Jew to sit down together and talk, the very least the Jews can do is proffer the invitation. But to the bride herself, not to the bride's cousin who lives across the river. A marriage in today's world can be celebrated only by common consent. □

WOUNDED GIs

ON THE CARE OF HEROES

LARRY BARRETT
Mr. Barrett is a free-lance writer in Washington, D.C.

> Should I remain silent while what these heroes have done is vilified by some as "a dirty and immoral war" . . .?
> —*Vice President Agnew before the Montgomery, Ala., Chamber of Commerce, November 20, 1969.*

Washington

The end of the year hearings announced last Veterans Day by Sen. Alan Cranston (D., Calif.) have produced vivid testimony about the medical care of disabled veterans of the war in Vietnam—the war which, more than any other in our history, will be remembered for its toll of "catastrophically" wounded men. The record of the hearings is laced with descriptive terms from the Senator and witnesses before him; for it is clear that the nature of the wounds inflicted today has reduced the usefulness of the standard vocabulary of trauma. And even though Senator Cranston has conducted the hearings in a deliberately low key, the evidence brought before his Veterans Affairs Subcommittee will support the argument that this war, in particular, has been dirty and immoral—even in the treatment of its heroes.

The broad question of medical care and rehabilitation for returning veterans has become a collection of dilemmas and paradoxes—some highly specialized in character, some a reflection of critical, national problems. For example, medical miracles performed on or near the battlefield are keeping alive the terribly wounded who would surely have perished in other wars. Air evacuation typically occurs within minutes, and stateside hospitalization may be only hours away. Surgical techniques have so improved that even the massive chest and belly wounds inflicted by modern weapons may be repaired by practitioners of what is called "ballistic medicine." When they survive, men so wounded need much less in the way of rehabilitation than do those who have suffered bone, head or spinal injuries. Blinded, bedridden or dependent upon prosthetic devices, these disabled veterans may require extended care, periodic operations, vocational training, counseling and psychotherapy if they are to have any hope of returning to family and society. Here, however, the battlefield miracles of medicine begin to turn bitter, for the promised rehabilitation is threatened in several ways.

The statistics of the Vietnamese War (as differentiated from World Wars I and II and Korea) are shockingly high for disabling wounds. It follows, of course, that available facilities are bound to be crowded. There are approximately 12,000 disabled Vietnam veterans. Out of every 100 veterans receiving compensation for wounds, 12.4 per cent—nearly double the figure for Korea and triple that for World

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War II—are totally disabled. More than half the number of men separated from the Army for disabilities are suffering from "diseases of bones and organs of movement." Neuropsychiatric cases, another category requiring long treatment, have increased at a rate double that of 1965. Citing a statistic from the Army Surgeon General, a spokesman for the Paralyzed Veterans of America testified that "injuries sustained in Vietnam involving paralysis of the extremities have multiplied phenomenally." Statistics can be grim as well as dull or confusing; in this war the statistics show an unmistakable trend toward more horrendous wounds, in greater numbers, requiring more—not less—intensive treatment. At just this instant, however, a tragedy is being compounded by cutbacks in budget and personnel for the Veterans Administration which cares for a substantial number, though by no means all, of the newly disabled veterans.

To personalize the problem, here is evidence by Capt. Max Cleland, USAR (Ret.) who told the Cranston subcommittee of his experience since losing both legs and his right arm in an accidental grenade explosion near Khe Sanh in April 1968:

> Unfortunately, I did not find that the up-to-date, rapidly applied medical techniques used in saving men on the battlefield had their counterparts in my rehabilitation and administrative processes. When the severely disabled return from Vietnam, they face a rehabilitation process that is often based on World War II and Korea experience, and which may underestimate their ability and determination. I was retired from the Army after several months at Walter Reed and sent to the Veterans Administration hospital in Washington, D.C., without a set of legs, largely because I was considered to be, by currently existing standards, a long-term case. This resulted in several months' delay in my rehabilitation program at a critical period when I felt that I could have used the time learning to walk and could have been out of Walter Reed by the time I was actually transferred. It was over a year after my injury that I was fitted with artificial legs for the first time. After ten weeks' training, I walked out of the VA hospital. There is no doubt in my mind that my rehabilitation time could have been cut in half. To me there was nothing so special in my being a triple amputee. I always figured if this country could put a man on the moon it had enough technical expertise to get me walking again. I always assumed I would make it.

Captain Cleland's testimony illustrates most of the major trials faced by the seriously disabled veteran: delay, at a time when he needs to confront his problems; red tape, when he needs immediate administrative attention; transfer, when he is in the midst of the recovery process; obsolete attitudes, when innovations are required.

The recurrent theme of testimony from medical administrators appearing before Senator Cranston was the decline in quantity and quality of the services provided by Veterans Administration hospitals. Budget cuts and ceilings on personnel are particularly "tragic," according to Dr. Philip Lee, because they come "at a time when the veteran population is increasing rapidly, when medical advances promise better quality of care, and when the veterans of Vietnam have special and urgent medical, dental and psychiatric needs. . . ." (Dr. Lee was chief medical officer for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare in the Johnson administration.) In the matter of how psychiatric needs are being met, Dr. Louis West testified that a once prominent program of residency training in psychiatry at the VA facility in Brentwood, Calif., has steadily declined since the middle fifties, with a consequent loss to patient care. "Morale is low, training is stagnant, treatment facilities and treatment programs are lagging behind modern standards. . . . The rapid progress that has been made in psychiatry is not reflected there, and Vietnam veterans who are sent to Brentwood do not receive first-class care."

Dr. West, who is chief of psychiatry at UCLA's Neuropsychiatric Institute and a consultant to the Veterans Administration, concluded that "the Brentwood Hospital program is operating at a level that is mostly still at, or even below, the level of twenty-five years ago." To describe the condition of veterans at facilities where proper psychiatric care is unavailable, Dr. West used the terms "chemical cocoon" and "chemical lobotomy" for the effect of repeated use of tranquilizing drugs. In the absence of technical excellence, the men are made "tractable . . . with an invisible barrier between them and the rest of the world." Given such testimony, and with what we know of the GI's experience in Vietnam, it is ironic that VA spokesmen have testified to very modest plans for the treatment of drug addiction.

In fairness to those charged with the care of disabled veterans, theirs is a difficult position: increased numbers of seriously wounded before them, an economy-minded Nixon Administration behind them. They struggled before the Veterans Affairs Subcommittee to show that loss of funds, inability to compete for personnel, reduction of the number of beds, sometimes the closing of whole wards, have not, in fact, reduced the quality of medical care and rehabilitation. Here and there—under direct examination by Senator Cranston—candor broke through the official phraseology. Thus Dr. H. Martin Engle, Chief Medical Director of the Veterans Administra-

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tion, in testimony last November 21: "We would like to see better staffing ratios in our hospitals, and we need more people on our nursing services, and we need better staffing for some of the specialized programs that have come into the picture in recent years. . . ." Dr. Lee, at the conclusion of his prepared statement, put it more bluntly: "The tragic fact is we are asking the veteran to pay in his health for the anti-inflationary policies that are followed by the Administration. I think, Mr. Chairman, we are asking him to pay too high a price."

Chairman Cranston agrees; the nation, he believes, cannot ask injured veterans of Vietnam—and the disabled from other wars—to make still another sacrifice in order to help guarantee the stability of dollars acquired by their more able-bodied countrymen. He hopes not only to restore cuts in the budget of the Veterans Administration and to raise salary levels but also to augment the total with additional moneys for specialized programs which have been recommended to him. Among these:

The Paralyzed Veterans of America (there are 6,000 members of PVA, another 6,000 are believed eligible, and hundreds more will come from Vietnam) are concerned with spinal injuries. They have charged the VA with "letting down—or giving up—on those very seriously disabled who need so much help in all phases of their recovery and rehabilitation." They urge a strengthening of the Spinal Cord Injury Centers now operated by VA, so that patients are no longer referred to smaller hospitals where, they frankly believe, "there have been some shocking instances of misapplied surgical techniques."

The Blinded Veterans Association (6,000 veterans now suffer service-connected blindness; the number is increased annually by 400 newly developed but service-connected cases; and the war in Vietnam has contributed another 400) fears that the circumstance of its membership will be lost in the shuffle of greater or more immediate demands, with a consequent loss of quality in counseling, training and rehabilitation. Because blindness from Vietnam is running at three times the rate of World War II and because a higher incidence of blindness is combined with other disabilities—like amputation—BVA is requesting two additional training centers and expansion of older facilities.

The Veterans of World War I of the USA, Inc. (now, at the average age of 74, diminished in numbers but likely to need care more than ever before), suffers from a fear—indirectly expressed—of getting in the way and being shunted aside. It is implicit in a statement from the testimony of National Commander Edgar Burkhardt: "We should look forward to at least some of the legislation recommended that would benefit those who, too, served in a foreign land, and I hasten to add, we are very pleased that our Members of Congress are actively engaged in rendering benefits we were not so fortunate to receive." Their requests—modest by any standard—include elimination of troublesome forms and questionnaires regarding retirement payments and outside income, an increase in burial benefits, and reopening of Arlington National Cemetery "until it is filled."

The Disabled American Veterans and the Veterans of Foreign Wars presented statements generally deploring cuts in the VA budget, acknowledging the threat such cuts posed for the operation of specific facilities, and recognizing that Congress had intended VA operations to be conducted at higher levels of service than now obtain.

The entire medical budget for the Veterans Administration for fiscal 1970 amounts to less than $2 billion—less than we pay for a month of the war in Vietnam; a cut by the Bureau of the Budget amounted to about a day's worth of war and the Congress restored half of that. Most VA services can be held at their present levels; some planned projects will have to be postponed; the innovations suggested before the Veterans Affairs Subcommittee of Senator Cranston are not likely to reach the drawing board. But the facts are that present levels are inadequate, postponed projects—like air conditioning for a hospital in Durham, N.C.—were overdue, and the innovations are more than justified. Regardless of inflation, regardless of the national shortage of medical care, the country is obligated to provide—as it has assumed all other costs of war—the best conceivable care for its disabled heroes.

Readjustment to civilian life is often difficult for a serviceman who is whole; for the veteran who is disfigured and incapacitated, it is a special kind of horror. But in earlier wars there was some satisfaction, however slight, in the thought that the individual, his family and society at large could consider the sacrifice to have been made in a good cause. A psychiatrist, Dr. E. James Lieberman, in colloquy with Senator Cranston on November 21, observed: "If it is true the heroes of this war are the ones coming home on hospital ships, as I have recently heard, then we must treat them like heroes." That was before Captain Cleland, the 27-year-old triple amputee (speaking for how many other heroes?) told the hushed hearing:

> To the devastating psychological effect of getting maimed, paralyzed, or in some way unable to re-enter American life as you left it, is the added psychological weight that it may have been a cruel hoax, an American tragedy, that left a small minority of American males holding the bag. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Bow and Arrow Power

POWER. *By Adolf A. Berle. Harcourt, Brace & World. 603 pp. $10.*

C. B. MACPHERSON
Mr. Macpherson, fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, is the author of The Political Theory of Possessive Individualism *and* The Real World of Democracy *(both Oxford University Press). He is professor of political science at the University of Toronto.*

This should have been an important book. A theoretical study of political and economic power by a man who for many years has moved in the corridors of American power, and whose intellectual ability to develop new general theory has been undoubted ever since the publication, in 1932, of his and Gardiner Means's *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, raises high expectations. The expectations are disappointed.

Mr. Berle believes he has found "five natural laws of power" which "are applicable wherever, and at whatever level, power appears." He holds that the application of these five laws can provide a realistic and operational theory of power; and he recommends the application of his laws "when opposition to the power system arises," as a way of enabling us to see what changes in it, if any, are needed. "Only when some such analysis is made can the endless dialogue produce manageable issues and lead to meaningful results." He wants especially to get beneath, or rise above, the current concepts of imperialism and of corporate power, which he finds shallow and misguided. It cannot be said that he has succeeded, or that his claims for his laws and his method of analysis have been made good.

His failure is due not simply to the inherent difficulty of the task of moving between high-level general laws and specific phenomena, but also to his not being aware of the pitfalls. Certainly, any such attempt is beset by severe logical difficulties, much the same difficulties as those that have plagued neoclassical economics (which Mr. Berle admires rather uncritically). The central difficulty has to do with the level of abstraction or generality.

To get economic laws valid for all times and places you must, for instance, treat the primitive hunter's bow and arrow as capital. So it is, at the highest level of abstraction. But if you seek that level you are predisposed to give less weight than you otherwise might to the difference between the bow and arrow and modern capital, even to the extent of overlooking the uniqueness of the modern relation between capital and wage-labor in favor of the identity between both kinds of "capital," in that both are the product of "abstinence" from immediate consumption.

Similarly with a theory of power. To get laws of power valid for all times and places you have to treat power as *any* ability of one group or individual to make others conform to its will. So it is, at the highest level of abstraction. But if you seek laws of power at such a level —if, as Mr. Berle does, you offer natural laws of power which are equally applicable whether the power "be that of the mother in her nursery, or that of the executive head of a business, the mayor of a city, the dictator of an empire," and if, as he does, you offer laws of this generality as the key to understanding modern imperialism or modern corporate power—you are back with the bow and arrow as capital.

No doubt there are features common to the power of the mother in her nursery (what mothers, beyond the social circles in which Mr. Berle has moved, have their own nurseries?) and the power of the head of General Motors or of the President of the United States. But are these common features the key to understanding the role of modern corporate or imperial power? Again, no doubt there are features common to power in a capitalist market society and power in a feudal or a Socialist society, but are these the most important ones to look at if one wants to understand the phenomenon of power in our own society today?

In power theories, as in economic theories, the judgment whether the common features are more important or less important than the specific features is a value judgment, an ethical judgment, not a scientific judgment. For on this choice of emphasis depends the extent to which the resulting theory will implicitly justify or criticize the specific phenomenon being studied. The bow and arrow gives you abstinence as the source of capital and so makes modern capital a wholly admirable thing. Thinking of power as invariably "personal" and invariably acting in "a field of responsibility"—two of Mr. Berle's stipulations about all power —makes modern power, if not wholly admirable, forgivable.

Berle does not seem to see that this element of value judgment enters in. He writes as if the superiority of the higher level of abstraction were self-evident. If the moral sciences, including economics and political science, were reducible to the rules of the physical sciences—and Mr. Berle has such a remarkable faith in the scientific quality of recent economics that he may be thought to subscribe to that view—then no doubt he would be right. But human, social phenomena are too complex to fit the pattern of the physical sciences. A political or economic theory necessarily involves moral judgments, whether the theorist is aware of this or not. To present a theory of political power as a neutral scientific theory is, if not indefensible, less defensible now than it was three centuries ago when Hobbes did just that. Now, as then, the upshot of such a presentation is to leave the impression that the existing power system, from within which the theorist writes, is not too bad, since it necessarily conforms to the laws that any other system would have to follow.

It is not necessary to follow Berle through all his five laws of power to see how this works. But take his first law: "Power invariably fills any vacuum in human organization." This is a valid deduction from two prior valid propositions: (*a*) humans need organization, and (*b*) some men seek power over others. It follows that, when an existing power structure fails, another will move in. The law does not, however, prescribe whether the new structure will be as centralized or decentralized as the former one, or how much it will be based on open force, on ideology, or on consensus. How does Berle use this high-level generalization? Among other things, to justify the United States' occupation of the Dominican Republic in 1965 on the ground that a dangerous power vacuum had to be filled.

The "law" that a power vacuum will invariably be filled thus turns out to be a handy justification for the nearest strong country filling it. The conclusion is perfectly illogical, for the "law" says only that the vacuum will be filled at some level of centralization or decentralization, of force or ideology, of consensus or dissensus. The minor premise, which

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Berle takes for granted, is that the United States has the right to fill power vacuums anywhere in the Western world. We need not be surprised that Berle should hold this premise, but we should not be asked to accept the result as neutral science.

Similarly with Berle's second law: "Power is invariably personal." This turns out to mean that power can be held and exercised only by an individual or by a group which is *organized* so as to confer power on certain designated individuals. Nothing as unorganized as an economic class or an elite can exercise power. "No collective category, no class, no group of any kind in and of itself wields power or can use it. Another factor must be present: that of organization. The collective group must put itself together, must develop formal or informal structure, must establish stated or unstated rules by and through which power to decide and act is assigned to someone and, as a rule, distributed through a hierarchy of subordinates."

This law is breath-taking in its simplicity. It obliterates the theory of the ruling class which, he says, our era "has swallowed whole." It obliterates also the basic insight of most of the great political theorists from Plato and Aristotle to John Stuart Mill, who all knew about ruling classes. Of course power is exercised, decisions made, by persons. But power, defined as the ability to make others conform to your will, rests in those who can control those who make the decisions. There is no reason, a priori or historical, to think that this control cannot inhere in a class, whether of slave owners or landowners or capital owners, not organized as such but having sufficient cohesion of interest to make its will prevail. Classes can be seen to have had such power in the past, and they were often seen at the time to have it. Why not now? It is clear enough that Berle dislikes the uses to which the concept of a ruling class is put in our time, but that is scarcely an adequate ground for dismissing it.

Mr. Berle's other three laws of power are similarly ineffective: (3) Power is invariably based on a system of ideas or philosophy; (4) power is exercised through, and depends on, institutions; (5) power is invariably confronted with, and acts in the presence of, a field of responsibility. Of these, (3) and (4) are self-evidently true but tell us nothing. The last one (5) is obscure; when it is spelled out it turns out to mean no more than that any power holders have to pay attention to the reactions of those over whom they have power. The "field of responsibility" is defined as the aggregate of all the groupings of all the people affected by the power holders' exercise of power. So, it is said to follow that "dialogue," formal or informal, recognized or unrecognized, invariably emerges. To subsume under this "law" the dialogue between Hitler and his generals, and the dialogue between Roosevelt and his opponents, is of course formally intelligible. But is it at all helpful toward any analysis of modern power? And "responsibility" is a curious word here. For the law is intended to cover dictatorships as well as constitutional regimes, yet "responsibility" will suggest to most readers something stronger than the minimal degree of dependence characteristic of dictatorships. Here, as with Berle's other laws of power, the net effect of his high-level abstraction is to suggest that the differences in the way power is organized and in the uses to which it is put are less important than the similarities which his laws state as invariable.

When he comes to analyze modern economic power and modern imperialism the emptiness of this approach becomes more apparent. It is, of course, difficult to know whether he moved to his abstract laws of similarities because he already believed, on other grounds, that there isn't much difference between capitalism and socialism or much between any of the kinds of "empire," or whether he reached these conclusions by formally applying his abstract laws. Probably a bit of both. To reason in both directions is perfectly proper scientific method: specific observations should suggest general formulations, and the general formulations should be brought back repeatedly to the specifics, checked against them and used to illuminate them.

The danger of working in this way is that the general laws, especially when they are at such a high level of generalization, are apt to be reached, and to be applied, without sufficient attention being paid to the intermediate steps. Clearly, some grounds in addition to Berle's general laws are needed to establish his view that there is coming to be very little difference between capitalism and socialism, and his view that what is usually called economic imperialism is now not an important phenomenon. He does sketch some other grounds but he takes very little trouble over them, presumably because he has his general laws to fall back on.

Take for instance his analysis of economic power in capitalist societies. He makes the familiar points that with the rise of the giant price-setting corporation not only does the old free market no longer operate but government has increasingly stepped in to regulate, administer and control what used to be left to the market. Hence, he argues, capitalism is inevitably moving in the direction of socialism, or "statist economics." He is aware that this government activity is designed to maintain the equilibrium of a capitalist economy which still relies on capitalist incentives to get the job of production done. He is no doubt aware that public regulatory bodies frequently come to share the ethos of the corporations they are supposed to regulate. And he is aware that the private sector can and does get supports from government in lieu of prohibited price increases.

Yet he can conclude that the notion of "class power"—the theory that an economic class, by virtue of its members' relation to capital, has the dominant power in modern Western societies—is totally unfounded. Why? Because his general laws of power tell him that power is always personal, that it cannot inhere in a class but only in certain persons or specific assignable organizations of persons. The holders of significant blocks of capital are dismissed as being too loose an aggregation to qualify. "Government" does qualify, and so, oddly enough, does the class of corporate managers: "the government bureau and the corporate manageriat . . . now are the primary holders of economic power." But this is to beg the question whether a capitalist class can have enough cohesion to dominate by means other than, or beyond, being organized in specific formations designed for that purpose.

The analysis of imperialism proceeds in the same way. "Empire" is defined so broadly—it includes anything from outright forcible domination by a strong nation of weaker ones, to hegemony in a system of alliances—that no deductions can be made as to the purpose or driving force of any empire. This is offered as a virtue of the broad definition: "Empire may signify institutions for sensitive and intelligent co-operation quite as readily as for economic and social exploitation. Empire is as empire does." The only conclusion that can be drawn from an analysis of modern imperialism based on such a concept of empire is that, until there is a system of world government, empire is inevitable. To this Berle adds his prescriptive conclusion: "Until world government arrives, the need is to make the inevitable empires 'good.'"

Meanwhile, what about the exploitive phenomenon commonly known as economic imperialism? Berle dismisses this as a product of deliberate semantic confusion: "The United States is manifestly one of the 'polarizing centers' in a system christened in semantic attack by Communist opponents and some West European associates as 'imperial.'" This cursory dismissal of American imperialism as negligible follows from Berle's assertion of his belief that economic rea-

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sons for establishing empire, though powerful ones from the 17th to 19th centuries, are now weak: "They are still present, but I believe they have lost much of their earlier force." And again: "Economic influence is still present, still appreciable, and, in some cases, still important. But of the four main impulses towards empire—defense, sacred mission, national esteem, and economic advantage—economic impulses are now the weakest." If this opinion were backed up by any analysis at all, some attention would have to be paid to it, but it is not.

There is indeed a section, of 5 pages, headed "The Imperialism of Capital," which begins: "Export of capital by a strong country to a weaker country presents a problem of relations yet unsolved." But the only problem discussed is that of the weaker countries, which want capital imports but don't want the inevitable corollary, namely, control of their economies from outside. No one would doubt that this is a real problem for all capital-importing countries. But to treat this as *the* problem about "the imperialism of capital" is at best naive. It makes no distinction between countries such as new African states whose governments, after revolutions of national independence, are seeking ways to develop economically in the interests of their whole people, and those Latin American states whose governments, thanks not a little to United States policy, are intent on preserving a highly class-divided society in which the owning class alone benefits from imperial aid channeled in such a way as to benefit them at the expense of their continuing exploitation of their common people.

There is a limit to the credibility of the State Department view of imperialism. Berle, who was Assistant Secretary of State from 1938 to 1944, does not see this. He accepts that view completely—swallows it whole, to use his own phrase about the intellectual behavior of those who take a different view. The phrase can be applied to him with more justice than to his opponents, for there is a substantial body of scholarly analysis of economic imperialism as an exploitive system, of which he takes no notice and in opposition to which he offers no substantial counter analysis. His high-level laws of power, and all that he draws out of them, do not do the job. They serve rather as a way of avoiding serious analysis. An apologia for the U. S. system of power cannot afford to do this. Or perhaps there is nothing else it can do. It is difficult to find any other excuse for this book. □

Scholarly Gallimaufry

THE WORLD THE SLAVEHOLDERS MADE. *By Eugene D. Genovese. Pantheon Books. 274 pp. $5.95.*

TRUMAN NELSON
Mr. Nelson is the author of The Torture of Mothers *and* The Right to Revolution *(both Beacon).*

Professor Genovese's earlier work, *The Political Economy of Slavery,* was severely criticized because of its heavy emphasis on his view that "a prebourgeois dominated the South." Critics assumed that he meant the slaveholders were "feudal." In his new book, two essays offered as an extension of that earlier work, Genovese complains, "How and where such an idea arose is a mystery to me." The new book itself does much to solve this "mystery."

He begins defensively, much like an ordinary (i.e., non-Marxist) historian, with many disclaimers. "It will not settle any questions, but only provide a framework. . . . It is only a deliberately simplified starting point. . . . At best a preliminary analysis it cannot do more than point a direction. . . ." Although he says he accepts criticism of his earlier work "in principle," he goes on merely to change his wording, building his whole argumentative structure on the category of "seigneurialism" instead of "feudalism." This he quite frankly calls, "a grudging, long-resisted capitulation to those medieval historians who bitterly complain about the expropriation of one of their favorite terms."

Whatever term is preferred, the category is represented by Genovese as "vying" with capitalism: the master-slave relation, he says, is profoundly different "from that of capitalist to wage worker or rentier to peasant." He then goes on to what amounts to a stupefying bibliographical essay on the variations in the slavery systems of the American South, Brazil and the Caribbean colonies.

In his attempt to separate slavery from capitalism, Genovese has produced a work on slavery in which the only major eyewitness testimony comes from its most ardent defender. His first essay of 113 pages cites more than 125 works, some seventy-five of which were written in the 1960s, the balance of the others in the 1950s and 1940s. Do not historians deal with source material any more?

In a work called *The World the Slaveholders Made,* there are no slaves heard from. The evidence of their place in this world comes from an Italian historian, one Ramimondo Luraghi, whose comment, made in 1966, is used to fortify the professor's belief that "If the proud boast of the Southern slaveholder was correct, as up to a point it was . . . slaves lived as comfortably and were treated as humanely as most European peasants and workers."

There is no palpability in these pages to hint of the abysmal cruelty of this world of sweaty chains and bloody deaths, of centuries of unspeakable agony. One longs for the cleansing outcry of a single sympathetic contemporary observer —for a Wendell Phillips to say: "The South is one great brothel, where half a million women are flogged to prostitution. . . . The public squares of half our great cities echo to the sound of families torn asunder at the auction block. Not one of our fair rivers has not closed over the Negro seeking in death a refuge from a life too wretched to bear . . . thousands of fugitives skulk along our highways, afraid to tell their names and trembling at the sight of a human being."

But this "World the Slaveholders Made" is exorcised, by moral fiat, from the discussion. Genovese holds that the attempt of Abolitionists to make people feel guilty concerning their brothers was "accepting the moral standards of a bourgeois society." "Did substantial numbers of slaveholders feel guilty about holding slaves? There is no evidence that they did, especially during the nineteenth century, and it is difficult to see why they should." The rationalization of that position comes in his characterization of slavery as a "self-reliant, paternalistic system," a kind of orderly, extended-family type of Indian Summer Feudalism.

Karl Marx writes in *Das Kapital*:

> The nations bragged cynically of every infamy that served them as means to capitalist accumulation. . . . Liverpool waxed fat on the slave trade. . . . Whilst the cotton industry introduced child-slavery in England, it gave in the United States a stimulus to the transformation of the earlier, more patriarchal slavery, into a system of commercial exploitation. In fact, the veiled slavery of the wage worker in Europe, needed, for its pedestal, slavery pure and simple in the new world.

Marx hated slavery; he rejoiced in every slave insurrection, which, he said, would lead the white oppressed to their common liberation; he urged the citizens of a bourgeois republic to arm the slaves and wage a revolutionary war as the first giant step toward abolishing capitalism itself. How then can a man calling himself a "Marxist historian" describe slavery as "antithetical to capitalism"? Marx stated again and again the indi-

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visibility of wage and chattel slavery, calling them both, "The theft of another man's time upon which the social wealth rests today."

About halfway through the book Genovese seems to have become so enamored of the slaveholder's opposition to "capitalism and its values" that he has to give the slaveholders an intellectual hero and thus counter the charge that the slave South produced no "philosophical defense worthy of the name." He selects George Fitzhugh (1806-81), a notorious racist and Negrophobe, author of *Cannibals All! or, Slaves Without Masters* and *Sociology for the South, or the Failure of a Free Society.*

Genovese considers Fitzhugh "an attractive historical figure. . . . I have come to think of him as an old friend. . . . As my affection and admiration for him deepened, the task of rescuing him from detractors became something of a private mission." Taking the position that Fitzhugh was one of the "important nineteenth-century thinkers," Genovese gives him his head with such sympathetic abandon it would seem to be running alongside his own.

Fitzhugh's "thought" was that "The Negro is but a grown up child and must be governed as a child . . . the Master occupies toward him the place of a parent or guardian. . . . The Negro is improvident. . . . This defect of character alone would justify enslaving him. . . . In Africa or the West Indies he would become idolatrous, savage and cannibal. At the North he would freeze or starve. For four thousand years he has had the opportunity to become civilized. Like the wild horses, he must be caught, tamed and domesticated." (This from Fitzhugh's *Sociology for the South.*)

Unabashed, and with a kind of glowing enthusiasm, Genovese goes about "rescuing him from his detractors." Fitzhugh's "greatest achievement . . . lay in the negative insight that slavery was incompatible with capitalism." The essay is a mighty attempt to transform the dehumanizing rhetoric of a class and race oppressor into intellectual insights, an effort to set new values on the old, sick prejudices which still tear the struggling ranks of the working class into shreds.

> For Fitzhugh, bread and sleep were about all the masses wanted and his social system could be made attractive if it could deliver both. Then might the elite, which alone was fit to rule, be free to enjoy liberty. . . . As a dedicated theorist and intellectual, he spoke for the hard truth and called upon his class to recognize the logic and foundation of its whole philosophy. . . . Slavery must, in some form be everywhere restored in order to promote security, order and decency to all men of good will. The alienation and desperation of the working class, Fitzhugh held, can only be ended by slavery, within which a man can find himself loved and protected. Slavery provides a fertile soil for the moral improvement of the enslaved . . . for the morality of the masses depends entirely on the quantity and quality of force applied to them. He proposed educating and raising all poor whites for employment as skilled factory workers and professionals. In effect he proposed a mild, disguised slavery for Southern whites. Like all reactionaries, Fitzhugh, while deprecating the mental and moral capacity of the masses, overestimated their ability to perceive their own exploitation. "Socialism, which is merely a new and pretty name for various forms of slavery, has made its appearance, and both workers and capitalists, although for opposite reasons, rush to embrace it." Fitzhugh at this point, began to edge toward a call for a slaveholder-bourgeois alliance by proposing to defend Northern capitalism against imaginary enemies.

When I think of the man-hours involved in this apology for a banally evil little racist, not only by Genovese but by the obliging scholars to whom he sent the manuscript of this preposterous gallimaufry, I marvel at the extent of the American scholar's detachment from the real world.

Critics have a right to question what a "Marxist and Socialist" is doing among the elite historians who write books tuned only to one another and permit themselves the irresponsibility of affection and special pleading for a distasteful historical figure, even under the rubric of "probing the mind of the master class." There is no great mystery about this mind, it was simply devoured by the appetite. The real mystery to be explored is why there was not a Nat Turner on every slave plantation, ready to kill the master at the first stroke of the lash.

Marx was a *liberator*, the conscious leader of a revolutionary class, the black proletariat as well as the white. Genovese tries to de-revolutionize Marxism, to endow it with the spurious objectivity of the academician. Those scholars who attempt to discuss slavery as class struggle, to reveal and hone its revolutionary edge, are explicitly put down by Genovese: "The struggle for racial equality . . . does not need the inverted romanticism of the neo-abolitionist."

It is not Marx who is Genovese's master but Joseph de Maistre. Like de Maistre, Genovese's style is full of complex and opaque reasoning; inconsistencies later explained away as paradoxes. Like de Maistre, he feels the masses have only a limited ability to "perceive their own exploitation." That power, to him, lies only in the words of particular savants. Genovese seems to look upon nonintellectual radicalism as original sin. He seems unable to encompass a positive vision, entangling himself and his readers in trifling differences, pedantry and downright dogmatism.

No one disputes the right of the serious historian to explore repulsive ideas and prejudices, but by characterizing defunct works of obvious error and self-serving racism as "great achievement," Genovese sets a value on racist writing useful to the Fitzhughs of today, who are not less numerous and far more effective than he was—effective in the continuing suppression of the blacks, a suppression locked into place more by the false consciousness and categories of the overlords of white culture than by any other factor. Genovese's tone toward Fitzhugh is more than tolerant, it is admiring.

He has produced another book for black students to open and find tolerance and praise for the racist oppressor. All the dropping of the names of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Mao and Gramsci, of Christopher Hill, Eric Hobsbawm, and E. P. Thompson cannot sweeten this bitter cup for them—or for me. Calling himself a Marxist historian is a case of mistaken self-identity. □

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

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Poems by David Ignatow

WHILE I LIVE

I dream of language as the sun.
I whisper to that plant
whose own language is the wind.
It cups its flower to listen
at the wind's pressure and we talk
together of the darkness in language:
what Dante suffered at its command—
only that I may endure the necessary
ecstasy of my personal death.

I want my trees to love me
and my grass to reach up to the porch
where I am no one but the end of time,
as I stand waiting for renewal in my brain,
because I am what the sun shines forth:
I am labor, I am a disposition to live.
Who dies? Only the sun
but you must wait
while I live.

WAITING INSIDE

I protest my isolation
but protest is a mark of my defeat,
even as I write.

Being a victim,
I am an accuser. Being human,
others feel my fallen weight
upon their thoughts and are oppressed—
as I am, their guilt unlike mine
and unrelated and without hope in it
of change for me.

Guilty, my oppressor
and I go separate ways
though we could relieve each other
by going together, as Whitman wrote,
with our arms around each other's waist,
in support.

INTIMATIONS

Sometimes on the subway you see a face,
it transports you.
The train moves as if rattling to heaven,
that face, composed, a sign to be at peace.

And off the train,
standing on your station,
as that face rides away,
you believe firmly
one day you will go with it
all the way.

THE BAKER

He eats cake with his problems:
the scalding heat, the hot handle
to the dough plate and constant
tickling dusty flour. His brows
and hair white like a worried old man's.
He chews his own bread,
patting his stomach.

OFF TO THE CEMETERY

To die is to be brought down among blacks
and Puerto Ricans who live in rat buildings
and inject themselves to endure
the wastes of newsprint in the street.

To die is to be abandoned to the Sanitation
Department that comes to remove you
quickly in an oblong garbage box,
the men ashamed of their uniforms.

The funeral is attended with studied
preparations for a wedding. The event
grows happy and relieved as it concludes
and the body removed from the Chapel.
Then all get to file out. The ceremony
was not to see the departed off
to an eternal rest, life transitory
if blessed, but for a pact, a vow
of renewed heat, life married to death
and made one, and away the guests go
to the cemetery in cars and cabs
that are as good looking as false teeth.

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GBS, M.D. (*Honoris Causa*)

SHAW AND THE DOCTORS. *By Roger Boxill. Basic Books. 199 pp. $5.95.*

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D.
Dr. Silver is an executive associate of Urban Coalition.

> If you had been scientifically trained, Mr. Dubedat, you would know how very seldom an actual case bears out a principle. In medical practice a man may die when, scientifically speaking, he ought to have lived. I have actually known a man die of a disease from which he was, scientifically speaking, immune. But that does not affect the fundamental truth of science.
>
> —*The Doctor's Dilemma*

Professor Boxill has written an entertaining, erudite, instructive, and at times annoying essay on one of the less commonly noted activities of the multifaceted Mr. Shaw. Shaw's comments on physicians, as usually quoted, tend to leave the impression that his waspish contempt for medical theory and practice derived more from contrariness than from depth of knowledge. Professor Boxill corrects this impression. He has carefully and conscientiously collected pertinent material from Shaw's writings to dispel the image of superficial judgment. Professor Boxill gives Shaw an M.D. degree (*honoris causa*) and urges us to consider him more solidly and intellectually devoted to health and patient care than the physicians and medical theories he tilted against.

Shaw's uncle, a ship's doctor with whom he had frequent contacts, was Shaw's personal physician when he suffered from smallpox. A lodger at Shaw's house, when he was a boy, was George John Lee, a successful medical writer, who later became a close friend and patron of the young dramatist. Lee, a well-known lay antagonist of the medical profession of his day, wrote advisory pamphlets and articles taking issue with received medical doctrine. Theoretical considerations undoubtedly came Shaw's way from these sources. Shaw himself was a borough councilman—or the equivalent—for a half dozen years, serving on the Health Committee from which he obtained the critical background for a great many of his opinions on public health and medical practice.

Shaw was not against doctors in the abstract. "Please do not class me as one who doesn't believe in doctors. One of our most pressing social needs is a national staff of doctors whom we can believe in, and whose prosperity shall depend not on the nation's sickness but on its health." He attacked physicians for being more interested in money than in patients, for being unscientific in their "science," and for espousing dogma instead of skepticism.

Shaw's most quoted comments about medicine are from the Introduction to *The Doctor's Dilemma* in which he notes the vested interest of physicians in sickness rather than in health, in their propensity to administer medical treatment, needed or not. The full range of Shaw's glittering and intelligent wit is embedded in the dialogue and theme of the play itself, which he directs against the medical moguls and models and shibboleths of his time. He points out, not without wickedly sly asides, that doctors are bound to create and adhere to any system that offers them the maximum possible financial reward. In medicine, as in other aspects of human endeavor, business is business.

"As a Fabian," Boxill notes, "Shaw believed that disease was not merely a private problem but also a public one. A critic of economic privatism, whether of capital or labor, he found in the professionalism of the doctors the anti-social features of a strong trade union. Moreover, medical trade unionism was hidden behind the aegis of spuriously objective science. 'Science at the Prow and Commerce at the Helm' is Shaw's image for medical 'progress.' "

"Every profession is a conspiracy against the laity." If Shaw didn't say that, he might well have. The lesson may be taken to heart in our present situation. It is that we simply cannot afford to allow professional considerations to determine social objectives. Our long history of leaving social decisions to professional groups has had disastrous consequences. Whether more of the responsibility for development and financing of health services will stem from the public sector or not, much greater emphasis will have to be placed upon *accountability* of the profession for providing services, for dealing with social needs.

We have gingerly made efforts in this direction by the creation of a variety of advisory boards and committees to supervise the action of professional groups. Unfortunately, to a very large degree, these boards and committees have almost immediately become dominated by the professional groups that they were to supervise. Efforts to change that now are strenuously resisted, but it is through such action that our salvation lies. It would be good to have Shaw among us today cutting through the bloated professionalism that makes a mockery of the opportunities we now have for providing the best of modern medical services to all the people in the world.

Irritating, delightful, illuminating—the book is like Shaw himself. However, there is one serious problem with Boxill's treatment of his subject. The author has his own bias against modern medicine and physicians and is given to using Shaw as a mouthpiece for his own ideas—sometimes misrepresenting Shaw in the process, sometimes going further than Shaw might have gone. Shaw ridiculed the germ theory, true. But it was ridicule aimed at those who narrowly and blindly adopted a unitary view of disease causation. Medical science certainly has not had cause to reject the germ theory today, as Boxill seems to have done. Then, too, the author is curiously silent about medicine's successes—chlorination of water, for example, and diphtheria immunization—including those Shaw opposed, like pasteurization of milk.

So with Shaw's anti-vivisectional stand. He was against sadistic, senseless experimentation in which animals suffered needlessly. But I doubt if Shaw would go to the logical extreme that Boxill seems to ascribe to him of demanding an end to scientific advance through judicious use of animal experimentation. "All we insist on is that science must be pursued under the same moral and legal restraints as any other civilized activity." Shaw opposed the materialists (who "took animals apart like clocks to see what their 'constituent elements' were and how they worked"), because, as a "vitalist," he rejected mathematical formulations of living processes.

In some circumstances, the otherwise thoughtful author is trapped into the anachronistic fallacy, falling into the error of finding justification for a position in the 19th century on the basis of 20th-century conditions. That vaccination against smallpox is likelier to be a cause of death today than smallpox itself is true in large part because vaccination in the 19th century has eliminated smallpox as a hazard. This does not mean that at a time when smallpox was a widespread disease, vaccination was a dangerous and useless public activity. Praising a man for being against a thing for a thoroughly wrong reason does not exactly improve his intellectual stature.

Boxill tells us that Shaw "often said that he judged the moon to be about forty miles away. He said that he arrived at the figure by the 'look' of the thing, and that he would not succumb to the fashion in contemporary science for large numbers because it violated the evidence of his own senses." Boxill would have been safer and saner simply to have been amused at the intelligence

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Shaw displayed in his contentiousness, rather than to have attempted to justify every position he took.

Shaw himself was considerably more rational about his positions. Except for occasional consultations with a homeopath and an osteopath, Shaw stopped using doctors after his bout with smallpox. Only late in life, when he developed pernicious anemia, did he return to the fold, accept a physician's prescription for liver, and follow his instructions. A sensible man, he didn't let his principles interfere with his health. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

You might suppose that an Italian director who addressed himself to the moral inadequacies of the Third Reich would bestow a quality of objective irony on the subject. He need not assume, after all, that the corruption is in *his* heritage. But Luchino Visconti *(Rocco and His Brothers)* takes a morose view of life that is more typically Teutonic than Latin, and in *The Damned* he seems to clutch guilt to his bosom. He has produced a *Bildungsroman* about—and almost entirely within—a Ruhr steel-owning family named Essenbeck, whose cannibalistic designs on one another, and whose individual indulgences in gross appetites, might have overwhelmed the graphic powers of George Grosz. It cannot be maintained that the Nazis corrupt the Essenbecks; they are already so corrupt that the most one can say is that if the Essenbecks did not exist Hitler would have had to invent them.

Nor should it be supposed that Visconti's lurid chronicle can be viewed as a later *Buddenbrooks*; it is a family chronicle, but at the hack level—crushed by a monotony of facts that do not inform, sodden with greed, perversion, hatred and treachery. For three hours it goes on, demonstrating that Fascist Germany was hell, stimulating Hitler's imps to torment the lost souls with the goads of their own sins. It is the most explicit of films, both in its sluggish factuality and in its drawn-out, insistent imagery (the orange inferno of the steel works; the "New Germany" in the person of an SA youth, wearing garter belt and black silk stockings).

The characters are many and the plot is a cat's cradle of complexity, with wickedness outwitting wickedness in a circular chain. I am not going into all that, for I should never get out again. The principal characters are Friedrich Bruckmann (Dirk Bogarde), who murders reluctantly (he dresses and bears himself in the restrained, British manner) and only because he sees no other avenue to the Essenbeck power and name; Baroness Sophie von Essenbeck (Ingrid Thulin), dowager princess of the family and a woman who enjoys dressing her son in drag; Martin von Essenbeck (Helmut Berger), who in consequence hates his mother, abuses small girls, determines to rule the clan that despises him (on a stand-in basis for the Nazis), and rapes his mother as a step to that goal.

Berger's performance is in a way typical of the film. It is a matter of excessive surface effect and almost no internal structure. His Martin minces and displays delicate fingers; his eyes are made up to resemble those of a cat, and when he is riding a manic high, they are presumably hypnotic; but a feather will knock him down from that perch and he then runs sobbing to mother. It is disagreeable to watch, but more than that it is not very interesting—a sort of cartoon simplification of a case history. Like everyone else in the piece, Martin seems less a pawn of the Nazis than of the director, and since it can be seen from the start that the director intends to grind his monsters between millstones, the waiting becomes onerous.

I respect Visconti's purpose: he is intent on composing a panorama of pure evil, and he chooses Hitler's Germany as the worst manifestation he can call to mind. But pure evil (there is one good Essenbeck; a sort of boy scout, outraged in Sodom) is as stultifying as pure virtue; one is reminded repeatedly during *The Damned* of Wagner, Shakespeare, Dante, and one smiles at the incongruity of the associations. The film is to tragedy what farce is to comedy, but there is no word for that because it is dramatically abortive.

The trouble may be that Visconti, though perhaps closer to Germans than most Italians, is still an Italian. He seems to forget that he is dealing with men and women, not with trolls out of the Black Forest. Their vileness so exceeds normal expectations that they become exhibits, to be shown in a menagerie, not on a stage. That may account for the masquelike progress of Visconti's controlled and heavily painted figures. It makes a kind of effect, but, aside from the fact that a three-hour processional is overlong for the screen, masques must depend on a concept of grandeur; they cannot achieve their spectacle from a basis of squalor.

I started to look for some contemporary relevance in the film, but gave up, realizing that this view of human behavior is too single-focused to be relevant to any era. One character may personify evil—say Iago, though even he was not all bad—but a whole cast of Satan's familiars suggests an unfamiliarity with the species under examination. I gather that the Germans astonish Visconti; I wonder how many he has known.

The best thing about the picture is the Essenbeck family sets. These heavy, impersonal rooms, rich without taste, luxurious without joy, tended by impeccable, silent, faceless servants, who seem nevertheless the only true possessors of the iron-cold surroundings, suggest what is meant by a commercial dynasty. They evoke the Germany that Hitler knew was ripe for him, whereas the characters that move through them are only travelers' tales of two-headed dwarfs beyond the mountains. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Reviewing what in fact was a masterpiece, Bernard Shaw wrote: "I go to the theatre to be moved to laughter, not to be tickled or bustled into it; that is why though I laugh as much as anybody at a farcical comedy, I am out of sorts before the end of the second act, and out of temper before the end of the third. . . ."

I might say something similar about Neil Simon's *Last of the Red Hot Lovers* (Eugene O'Neill Theatre)—and it isn't a masterpiece. I didn't laugh as much as "anybody," but I did laugh. Simon can jostle you into laughing with the surprise of every line. That is his profession—learned in the mill of television enterprise.

We should, I suppose, be thankful even for this. Yet as I laugh I become cross with myself, for it takes only a short while to realize that what I am seeing is essentially false and demeaning. The audience and a number of well-situated reviewers, however, are not only en-

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tertained but suggest that there is also wisdom here. If that is accepted we are lost.

The latest product of the Simon shop is about Barney Cashman who owns a restaurant and there shucks clams and oysters. He has been married for some twenty years, has three children and has always been a faithful husband. The time has come for adventure, for excitement. Tremulously, clumsily, with ludicrous caution, he invites a customer to his mother's apartment in expectation of an "affair." The lady, also married but acidly disabused, is so mechanically direct in her appetite that being a softy, Cashman is shocked by her coldness and her basic indifference to him as anything but a sex object. What has been planned fails to happen.

A second girl—picked up in the park—is an out of work night-club singer, a nutty dame who alarms him with hilariously extravagant tales of libidinous encounters. The assignation concludes with his being persuaded to smoke pot with the girl—and that's that.

The third episode reveals Cashman with another married woman—a friend of the family—who finds nothing to enjoy in life and no one she can trust. (She says that when she is through with her sessions at her psychoanalyst she will jump out of the window.) She challenges Cashman to name three people who are "gentle, loving and decent." He finds himself hard put to meet the challenge and lamely names his wife, John Kennedy and Christ. Exasperated by falling into this trap—he is, after all, a good citizen—he is provoked to frighten the lady into admitting that he at least is a *decent* person. Thus, once again, virtue is preserved.

All this is peppered with every sort of joke based on the recognition of the "psychological" and social verities, as understood by the common American species of *homo sapiens*; topical allusions, sentimentalities, conventional homilies deftly tricked into something like wit but little more than good-natured gags.

One can scarcely remember any of the laugh lines, the reason being that they do not emerge from true character; they are nothing but routined setups. One example will suffice. Cashman is presumably uneducated, even something of a boob, at best ridiculously innocent. Yet he is given a good many "sophisticated" things to say—anything which will serve the moment. At one time he blurts out: "Life has not only not been kind to me; it goes out of its way to ignore me." Such lines are inserts, typical of the total contrivance.

It is very well conveyed by an adroit cast: the excellent James Coco, Doris Roberts, Linda Lavin and Marcia Rodd.

There are players who are very close to being national heroes. They represent more than their performances, have become emblematic of something which their audiences not only admire but need in secular worship.

Katharine Hepburn is such a being. Age cannot wither, nor custom stale her infinite joy in survival. She is highborn, coolly imperious, self-assured without affectation, intelligent *and* democratic. She is resolute in her convictions, loyal in her devotions. Neither Broadway nor Hollywood success has made her vulgar. She is that by now almost exotic phenomenon, an embodiment of the American tradition of upright and smiling womanhood. Does she then have to act?

Now she appears as Coco, the Parisian *couturière* Chanel, at the Mark Hellinger Theatre. Some $2 million passed into the box office before *Coco* opened. (With certain attractions the audience comes into the theatre, to quote Joshua Logan, "laughing at the ushers." This happens with each new Neil Simon play. For Hepburn, the audience arrives prepared to adore and make obeisance.) What *Coco* reminded me of is a Moss Hart dictum: "Nothing can be really wrong with one's life as long as one can shop at Bergdorf Goodman."

As a musical, *Coco* is a bust. It has no tunes to speak of; it has only one good dance number (greatly enhanced by Hepburn's pleasure in doing it for its lack of dignity, though she nevertheless retains her own). It has several able actors, the stylish George Rose, the eccentrically inventive René Auberjonois and lots of tall girls, beautiful without faces. Most disappointing are Cecil Beaton's costumes. He is capable of handsome accomplishment, but somehow his attempt to emulate or simulate the Chanel manner has resulted in expensive tackiness.

There remains Hepburn. Though Alan Jay Lerner's book has Coco writing a letter to Picasso and receiving a message from Cocteau, with Hepburn in the name part not the least effort at being Gallic has been made. Hepburn is always almost herself—with a fling. I say "almost herself" because her wish to characterize the role—the commanding personality, the executive attack—makes her voice take on added dryness, producing a sound like little pieces of thin wood being slapped or scraped together. It is not Hepburn's characteristic tone. Nor is her spread-leg stance—intended to establish a peasant-like firmness—her most convincing posture.

The real Hepburn—she of the enchanting smile—has the ineffable, slightly breathless, delicately velvet romantic vocal timbre of the young well-bred girl of a possibly "Henry James" background, forever dreaming of or hoping for some imagined ecstasy of grace and lofty achievement. That voice we hear only occasionally in the show, but when it sounds it affects. ☐

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

WAGNER: *Siegfried.* Helga Dernesch, soprano (Brünnhilde); Catherine Gayer, soprano (Forest Bird); Oralia Dominguez, mezzo-soprano (Erda); Jess Thomas, tenor (Siegfried); Gerhard Stolze, tenor (Mime); Zoltan Kelemen, baritone (Alberich); Thomas Stewart, baritone (Wanderer); Karl Ridderbusch, bass (Fafner). Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Herbert von Karajan, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 139 234/38. $29.90 (five discs).

This performance shares many of the virtues and deficiencies of the two previous recordings in Karajan's *Ring* cycle (see *The Nation,* December 30, 1968): control and discipline in execution, competence and sometimes more in the vocal performances, and a surface polish achieved at the expense of rhythmic

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detail. But, since the *Ring*, although remarkably unified in many respects, is nevertheless made up of very diverse elements, the results of the Karajan approach are far from consistent, even over the span of this single opera.

Siegfried presents rather special difficulties in performance, partly because of the high degree of textural specialization in the first two acts. Not only is there the often remarked absence of female voices until the last part of Act II but also the intensive employment of somber low-range sonorities (reaching something of an extreme in the virtual duet between contrabass tuba and timpani that opens the second act), and the almost obsessive concentration on short rhythmic motives (such as Mime's hammering and some of the Siegfried material). Because of these factors, this portion of the *Ring* may be the most awkward to bring off; the internal homogeneity of many long sections calls for an exceptionally imaginative approach to rhythmic matters.

With the third act, however, we pass into another musical world—for it was here that Wagner resumed work on the *Ring* after the hiatus during which he composed *Tristan* and *Die Meistersinger*, and although the music's time scale remains fundamentally the same, the event scale is significantly escalated by the use of a much more consistently contrapuntal and continuous orchestral texture. This part of *Siegfried* (and, of course, all of *Götterdämmerung*) may, so to speak, take breaths of the same length as the earlier music, but they are much deeper breaths, and the conductor's problem is to pace and measure the music so as to create a convincing hierarchy of climaxes—as well as to assure the clear enunciation of a much greater density of orchestral detail.

Karajan's control of climaxes is never in question here, nor is there any such conspicuous eccentricity as his virtual suppression of the dynamic crux in the first act of *Die Walküre*. On the whole, this third act of *Siegfried* is impressively brought off, although even here there is a shortage of textural clarity. To some extent, the recording, with its overemphasis on the singing voices, is at fault; rarely is there the openness and focus of Solti's recording (London OSA-1508), which is admirable for its combination of spacious ambience and local precision, as well as for sheer visceral impact. But even allowing for electronic shortcomings, the playing lacks the springy, sharp articulation that would make the different facets of a several-layered passage stand out. Some of this may be attributable to the tonal characteristics of the Berlin orchestra (notably the soggy oboe sound long in favor there), but Karajan elicited a similar quality in his New York performances last year, and presumably it is what he wants.

More crucial in the first two acts, because of their relative one-dimensionality, is what strikes me as a rather *laissez-faire* attitude toward medium-range events. Individual phrases are well and clearly shaped, and Wagner himself takes care of the larger articulations, given the careful attention to his tempo instructions that Karajan for the most part provides. In between, however, I miss the flexibility of pacing and accenting that would give the music a convincing sense of forward impetus; the result is often without connective tension, static in the extreme.

One element of stodginess that unfortunately mars the third act results, I suspect, from the Karajan scheme for producing the *Ring* operas: first the recording takes place in Berlin, and only later come stage performances, in Salzburg at Easter and in New York the following fall. The exigencies of recording contracts and casting problems enforce the use of some performers undertaking the parts for the first time, who thus come to the recordings without benefit of stage experience. Here, much of Brünnhilde's music gives the effect more of a careful "once through to see if we can get all the notes right" than of a real performance, and I am inclined to attribute this to Miss Dernesch, whose clean, careful and not very interesting singing projects anything but a dramatic impression (she certainly sounds like the right voice for the part, and may well become an important singer).

I doubt that more stage experience will do much for the Siegfried of Jess Thomas; despite enthusiasm and good will, he has not mastered a suitable technique for this kind of vocal writing, and produces a considerable quotient of quavery and uncertainly pitched sounds. On the other hand, Thomas Stewart has learned a great deal in the two years since he undertook the *Walküre* Wotan; the gain in authority is palpable, with forceful, much less explosive declamation and a firm, well-focused sound. The lesser principals are all positive factors, most notably the Mime of Gerhard Stolze, far less caricatured than his performance in the Solti recording.

It is not known when this production will be heard in New York; with the *Götterdämmerung* cast already engaged for next season, there is considerable question as to whether *Siegfried* can also be scheduled. Meanwhile, the recording offers a useful documentation of a very individual approach to Wagner, executed with considerable care—perhaps too much, in some ways. Also worth mention is the possibility that the Furtwängler 1953 Rome performances of these operas are once again under consideration for commercial issue by EMI. I hope that this time there will be no hitches, for Furtwängler's readings are the most fluent and flexible of any I have heard, and the most convincing delineation of the limitations inherent in Karajan's approach. □

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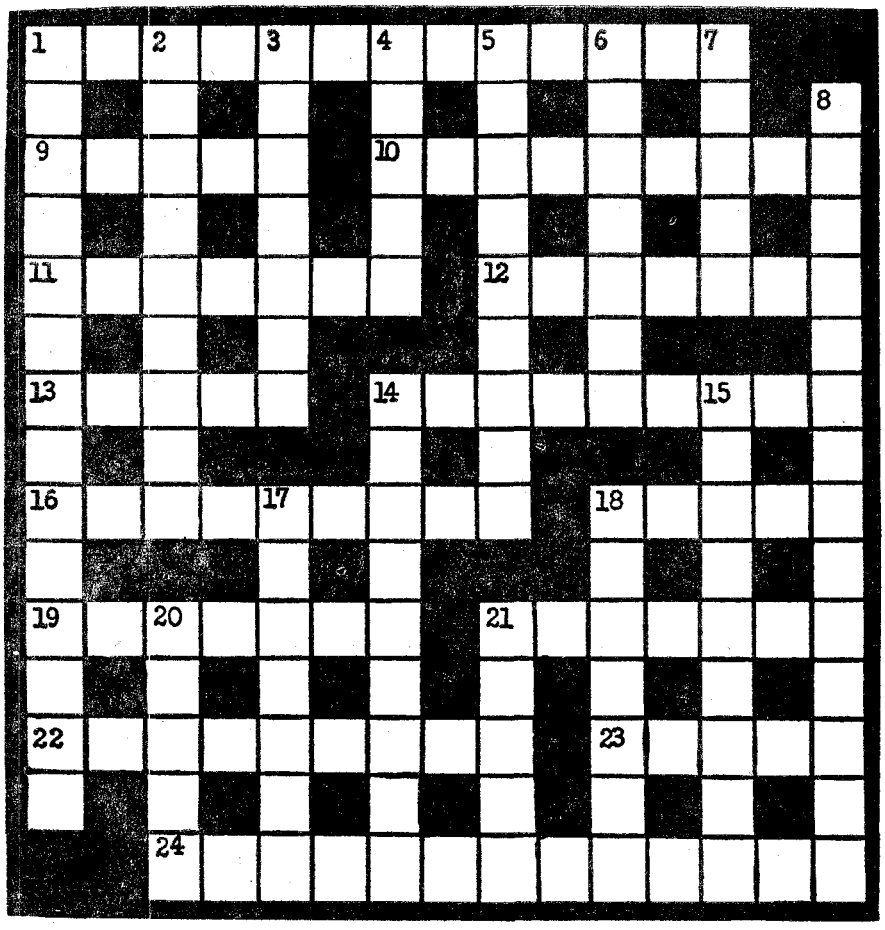

ACROSS

1 The kind of deal you get at the drunk's resting place? (5,3,5)
9 Seems to see spots? (5)
10 Green? Ripe? Sort of wandering, rather! (9)
11 Typified by Yankee Doodle, and doesn't live around it. (7)
12 Just step around the lodging place to get a boat. (7)
13 Such behavior in an animal around it! (5)
14 The conductor of an opera repeatedly getting back in? (9)
16 Alcohol and paper? (It proves the machine has replaced foot power.) (4,5)
18 How to ward off a green color? (5)
19 Where a bad actor has a first-class return? (7)
21 Hard rubber, possibly. (7)
22 An English general evidently wasn't afraid of Harry's heat! (9)
23 Some military types serve under it. (5)
24 One way to put cattle aground, when patted on the back? (13)

DOWN

1 Somewhat larger than a turn-over, making an epic no dud, askew as it might be. (6-4,4)
2 You can get a period of custody and still not need it! (9)
3 Hurrying to put a bone where the snug bug might be. (7)
4 This popular dance is for the Indians. (5)
5 How to make stops with adjustable tighteners? (9)
6 A big one could be pretty different. (7)
7 Was it the dogs that made her cross? (5)
8 A bachelor ran awkwardly before getting rather aged, proving you shouldn't trust someone like him. (8,6)
14 Material in a shade more brown? At least one might enter into your head! (9)
15 Tribe in an intoxicating position. (9)
17 Tar, but not on the outside, so get to work! (5,2)
18 It might prove quite a get-up. (7)
20 A little work on a minor complaint of the eye? (5)
21 Fish—at least parts of them. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1328

ACROSS: 1 Perimeter; 9 Lighten; 10 Facials; 11, 25 and 16 Fit as a fiddle; 13 Edge; 18 Elands; 20 Gladdens; 23 Alps; 24 and 12 Saddle horses; 28 Errands; 29 Alabama; 30 and 26 down False alarm; 31 Midstream. DOWN: 1 Pilaf; 2 Righted; 3 Matchheads; 4 Tantrums; 5 Rifles; 6, 6 across, 15 across, and 15 down Such stuff as dreams are made of; 7 Unaided; 8 Fasteners; 14 Middle East; 17 Gladhand; 19 Apparel; 21 Emanate; 22 Balsam; 27 Once.

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